

THE PACIFIC



Volume L

Number 6

A Friend.

I HAVE a Friend so precious,
So very dear to me,
He loves me with such tender love,
He loves so faithfully,
I could not live apart from Him,
I love to feel Him nigh,
And so we dwell together,
My Lord and I.

Sometimes I'm faint and weary,
He knows that I am weak,
And as He bids me lean on Him,
His help I gladly seek;
He leads me in the paths of light
Beneath a sunny sky,
And so we walk together,
My Lord and I.

—Old Huguenot Hymn.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

Published every Thursday at the Congressional Headquarters, Y. M. C. A. Building, San Francisco, by the

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THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

"First pure, then peaceable . . . without partiality and without hypocrisy"

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

Thursday, February 7, 1901

San Francisco, Cal.

Trifles.

Think naught a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life.

—Young.

Flowers for the funeral are all right, but it is well not to reserve them all for that occasion. Francis Murphy tells people plainly that if they have any flowers for him he would be pleased to have them now rather than upon his coffin. It is the same with the flowers of life—the little blossoms of tenderness and love—they can do good to people only in life. Accordingly, he who is wise will strew these flowers along the pathway of the living rather than in sorrow, and with vain regrets bring wreaths to lay upon the coffins of the dead. It is in a story that is true to life that the thrifless vicar, Amos Barton, stands by the cold body of his sainted wife, and in the depth of bitterness says: "Milly, Milly, dost thou hear me? I didn't love thee enough; I wasn't tender enough of thee, but I think of it all now."

The nineteenth century has been called "the wonderful century." But the twentieth bids fair to be more wonderful. It may not be one of so great discovery and invention as the nineteenth, but it will in all probability advance more generally the interests of mankind than any preceding it. There are reasons for the belief that the world stands on the eve of a great ethical and religious uplift. As he looked over into it from his mount of vision during the last years of his life, D. L. Moody said: "I would like a chance at the twentieth century." Fortunate the man who, equipped for it, is permitted to have part in the achievements even of its first half. It will not be the privilege of many now living to see the century at its best in attainment, but it is given unto all to help shape it in works that, builded into it, shall endure without end. Slowly for

nineteen hundred years the world has moved up the hill of progress. But ten years now are worth a hundred of the olden time, and swiftly shall we move to high accomplishment.

That the former days were better than these, religiously, is the expressed thought now and then. Citations from history have been made frequently in these columns to show that it is not so, but that conditions are better now than formerly. A frequent lament of this kind relates to church attendance. It is said that people do not give attendance to the services of the sanctuary as they did of old. Among the things tending to show that it was no better a hundred years ago is a sermon preached in Boston in 1800. In it the preacher complains of an increasing neglect of public worship. Mention is made of excuses such as the failure to get any good from church attendance, the opportunity for the reading of good books at home and a preaching not liberal enough. It is stated that the women attended more faithfully than the men, and that the men who pretended to remain at home to read good books were likely to spend the time in sleeping or in walking out or riding. And the minister expressed the opinion that the usefulness of the church would soon be at an end if it should become much more the custom to spend the day as it was spent:

Money given to educational institutions is placed where it does great good. But it is a fair question now, whether enough has not been given for that purpose—for a time at least—and whether people having millions to give could not give them where they would accomplish more than they can along the educational line. If a few men were to establish and endow a few Christian daily newspapers they would do more good with their money

than they can by piling it up in colleges and universities. Perhaps there is now somewhere in the United States a man who, like Dr. Pearson, so widely noted for his generosity to colleges, will begin ere long to pour out his accumulations for the founding of Christian dailies. Such an act would lift the world speedily several rounds up the ladder of advancement. Another most excellent way to invest money where it would ever pay good interest would be to use it for the endowing of churches in the great cities—in those localities where it is seen that the difficulty of maintenance will increase with the passing years, but ever the need for the church in those localities be urgent.

Lincoln as a Man of Prayer.

Grateful for what he was and for what he did, the nation will have Abraham Lincoln in special remembrance next Tuesday, that day being the anniversary of his birth. Nothing but good can come to us as individuals and as a people from a consideration of his life. It would be difficult to find in the pages of history record of a better and a greater life. There are not a few who place him first on the list of eminent Americans. When the body of Lincoln was lying in state in Philadelphia in 1865, Phillips Brooks said in an address concerning him: "In him was vindicated the greatness of goodness, and the goodness of real greatness. Not one of all the multitudes who stood and looked up to him for direction with such a loving and implicit trust can tell you today whether the wise judgments that he gave came most from a strong head or a sound heart. There are men as good as he was, but they do bad things. There are men as intelligent, but they do foolish things. In him goodness and intelligence combined and made their best result of wisdom. For perfect truth consists not merely in the right constituents of character, but in their right and intimate conjunction."

Just now it is as a man of prayer that The Pacific would hold Lincoln up before the people.

A few days before the election in 1860 Mr. Lincoln said to Mr. Bateman, Superintendent

of Public Instruction in Illinois: "Douglas don't care whether slavery is voted up or voted down; but God cares and humanity cares, and I care; and with God's help I shall not fail. I may not see the end, but it will come." And then, expressing confidence in Divine Providence, declaring that right is might and that faith in God is indispensable to successful statesmanship, he announced his belief in the duty and privilege and power of prayer, and plainly intimated that he sought the Divine guidance in the pathway in life along which he was then walking.

A little later, when he stood on the platform of his car bidding farewell to the friends at Springfield as he was about to depart for the national capital, he said to that people that Washington never would have succeeded in the great work devolving upon him except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he ever relied, that he felt that he could not succeed in the work which he had undertaken without the same aid, and in that public place stating that he placed his reliance also on God, he asked his friends to pray that he might receive that divine assistance. On the morning of his inauguration, after reading his inaugural address to his family, he asked to be left alone for a few minutes, and soon, through a door that had been carelessly left ajar by them, they heard him in prayer, commending himself and family, and his country, to the care and protection of God.

In that sad hour when his darling boy, Willie, lay dead in the executive mansion, and the equally beloved Tad seemed to be slipping away after him, he said to a Christian nurse, "Pray for me," and looking mournfully toward the little sufferer on the sick bed, he added, "and pray for him that he may be spared, if it is God's will."

On the day when Willie was laid away to rest a friend called attention to the many prayers that were going up for him, and with tears in his eyes he said: "I am glad to hear that. I want them to pray for me. I need their prayers. I will try to go to God with my sorrows." And it was during those sad hours of bereavement that he said to the Christian nurse, Mrs. Pomeroy: "I wish I had

that child-like faith you speak of, and I trust that God will give it to me."

On learning that the Roman Catholic managers of a certain hospital had forbidden the Protestant nurses to read the Bible and pray with the soldiers he immediately removed the restriction, saying: "If there were more praying and less swearing it would be far better for our country, and we all need to be prayed for, and if I were near death I should like to hear prayer."

Among the most notable occasions of resort to prayer on the part of Mr. Lincoln was just after the battle of Bull Run. A friend who had been visiting him at the White House was restless one night and could not sleep. Near dawn he heard low tones in the room where Lincoln slept. The door was partly open, and he looked in and saw the President kneeling before an open Bible. And in sorrowful, pitiful tones there came to his ears the words: "Oh, God, thou that didst hear Solomon in the night when he prayed for wisdom, hear me! I cannot lead this people; I cannot guide the affairs of this nation without thy help. I am poor and weak and sinful. O God, who didst hear Solomon when he cried for wisdom, hear me and save the nation."

We have Lincoln's own words, after the weighty responsibilities of those years had been resting upon him for some time: "I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go." And again he said: "I should be the most presumptuous blockhead upon this footstool if for one day I thought that I could discharge the duties which have come upon me, since I came to this place, without the aid and enlightenment of One who is wiser and stronger than all others."

Hear him as he talks to General Sickles concerning Gettysburg; hesitating at first, but as the General shows that he is curious as to Lincoln's wonderful confidence as to the result in that battle, finally saying: "Well, I will tell you how it was. In the pinch of your campaign up there, when everybody seemed panic-stricken and nobody could tell what was going to happen, oppressed by the gravity of our affairs, I went to my room one day and locked the door, and got down on my knees

before Almighty God, and prayed to him mightily for victory at Gettysburg. I told him this was his war, and our cause his cause, but that we couldn't stand another Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville. And I then and there made a solemn vow to Almighty God that if he would stand by our boys at Gettysburg I would stand by him. And he did; and I will. And after that (I don't know how it was, and I can't explain it), soon a sweet comfort crept into my soul that things would go all right at Gettysburg. And this is why I had no fears about you."

And then, not knowing that Vicksburg had already fallen, he added: "I have been praying for Vicksburg also, and believe our Heavenly Father is going to give us a victory there, too, because we need it in order to bisect the Confederacy and have the Mississippi flow unvexed to the sea."

While we remember Abraham Lincoln in other ways, let us remember him also as a man of prayer. At Fortress Monroe, soon after that fateful 14th of April, 1865, a poor Negro woman had hung around her huckster tables pieces of coarse black muslin, and she said to Dr. Cuyler as he came from Fort Sumter, where he had had part with General Anderson and William Lloyd Garrison and others in the glorious restoration of the old flag at the fort: "Yes, sah; Father Linkum's dead. Dey killed our best friend; but God be libin yet. Dey can't kill him; I'se sure of dat."

Yes, God lives; and because he lives and rules, truth and beauty live. Lincoln's life is a precious heritage. And in no respect is it more valuable than as an example and inspiration to prayer.

The late Governor Mount of Indiana was a man whose life may well be held up as worthy of imitation. In a tribute a few days after his death ex-President Harrison said: "Governor Mount took God into account in his public, as well as his private life." When he came out of the army in 1865, he was poor in this world's goods. But he married, rented a farm with farming implements, worked hard, managed well, lived economically, and fifteen years later was the owner of five hundred acres of

fine farming land. When he went to the State Senate in 1888, it was from a strong Democratic district, which he, a Republican, carried by a majority of six hundred; and his plurality for Governor in 1896 was the largest ever given any candidate for that office in Indiana. During his four years at Indianapolis he was an earnest Christian worker, teaching a class of young men in the Sunday-school of the First Presbyterian church of that city and engaging in whatever other Christian work the duties of his office would allow. The State that has many such men has real riches.

Religious World.

General Booth will visit this country again next September.

A minister who preached recently on "The Modern Newspaper," is reported as having said that "the newspaper is the New Testament of the future." His estimate of the value of the New Testament must be very low.

"Ian Maclaren" says that experience has taught him that this world is not ill-natured or unfair. Never does it fling a man's past sins in his face or trample his repentance under foot, or despise honorable effort at amendment. When a man judges himself, the world does not judge him.

Dr. Clifford of England says that the greatest discovery of the nineteenth century is the truth, that the best national asset is not the army or navy, or gold mines or commerce, but childhood, and that the training of children is a primary obligation upon the parent, the Church and the State.

In the month of January each year for fifty-four years Dr. Alexander McLaren of Manchester, England, has preached a special sermon to young people. They have been looked forward to with much interest from the very beginning; and now that each year it is feared that the sermon will be the last the interest is greatly augmented.

Of the 3,123 Congregational ministers in England, now settled as pastors, 692 are without collegiate training. Dr. D. W. Simon of the United College, Bradford, publishes these figures and adds: "I have no desire whatever to pronounce an opinion on the fitness or usefulness of any class of men in our ministry. That there are some "untrained" men who are better trained than some so-called "trained" men, and who are also much more effective as preachers and pastors, no sane person can deny. My object is to drive home to Congregational churches a set of facts, of which, to

judge by the procedure of many of them, they are either ignorant or heedless."

The Philadelphia Presbyterian says: "Among the busiest men in our cities are often found the most zealous and faithful workers for Christ. They manage to find time to serve on church committees, to promote evangelistic movements, to attend prayer-meetings, to consult with ministers and others about the extension of Christ's Kingdom, to help on benevolent agencies, and to listen to pleas for aid for reformatory, educational and missionary enterprises. Last week we met one of these men, a manager of one of the largest business plants in Philadelphia, and though his brain is full of business projects, he did not begrudge the time given, at an important hour of the day, to speaking and working for a revival of religion throughout the length and breadth of the land. He was modest and earnest, and all present felt that it meant much for a cause when such a man gave, not only his counsel and his time, but his money, for extending Christianity far and near. We need more of these devoted, wide-awake and zealous business men. We ought to have them in all our congregations, as well as in general Christian work. The consecrated workman, as well as the consecrated purse, was never more necessary than now." How is it on the Pacific coast? Well, there's a mixture here, very evidently. Many are too busy to give much thought or time to religious matters. Up on Puget Sound about a dozen years ago one church member said that he had come from the East to make money, and that he intended to make it, if possible, and let his religious interests take care of themselves for a time. He has been unsuccessful in his attempt but is still trying. It is gratifying to one looking out over the Pacific coast region to find many men who are not doing as this man has done, but like the Philadelphia man, are giving attention to religious interests.

Chronicle and Comment.

Nearly every educational institution in the world registered more students in 1900 than during any previous year. It is worthy of note that California has more college students in proportion to its population than any other state, and that 46 per cent of those in attendance at the University of California are women.

It is said that Congressional delegate Wilcox of Hawaii has been deeply impressed since his arrival in Washington with the kindly feel-

ing in the legislative and executive departments of the Government towards Hawaii. His election was a bitter dose to many people in the islands, but it may eventuate better than was anticipated.

Although on the plan of federation recently entered upon by the six Australian colonies Australia is still a dependency, it will have a parliament of its own and will manage its own affairs independent of Great Britain. Our fathers fought for liberty in the days of 1776, and justly, too, but today the Australian people have about as fine a government as we have.

The color sense of cigarette smokers is usually defective, and this debars them from positions in the operating departments of railroads. Talking recently concerning the examination for testing men a railroad man said: "For testing the color sense the examination is most interesting. A heap of different colored skeins of worsted is set before the applicant, and the examiner selects a shade of green and asks the man to pick out skeins that appear to him to be like the one selected. In this test many amusing mistakes are made by applicants. A man who is color blind will pick out all sorts of combinations of blues, pinks and browns and grays as green. After the test for green a similar test for red is made. The intention of this test is to see if green and red can be easily distinguished, this being a most important qualification for a railroad man. In signals the green stands for safety and the red for danger, and confusion of these colors has caused many accidents. This test is also a sure indication whether a man is a cigarette smoker or not. If an applicant is an habitual cigarette smoker he is almost sure to be more or less color blind. The constant use of tobacco also injures a man's color sense, but failure on this account is found only in elderly men. The excessive use of liquor is also indicated in this way, although other tests usually stop a hard drinker, applying for a position, before he gets to this examination." Cigarette smoking and drinking not only incapacitate men for railroad work, but for all work. No man so indulging is half a man anywhere you may put him. The nineteenth century witnessed a wonderful advancement in public sentiment against these evils. We believe that the twentieth will witness greater.

The saddest day for the Christian is that in which he seeks satisfaction outside of Jesus.

Charity draws from an exhaustless fountain; the more it gives, the more it has to give.

The Bystander.

Criticisms and Preachers.

The Bystander has attended two public meetings in which the ministry was sharply criticised. In both cases the fault found was unwarranted, and showed an animus on the part of the public toward the clergy, which is significant if not alarming. The Bystander is convinced that no other profession in the world would be thus chastised in public. In both instances the representatives of the clergy were guests, and in both meetings they were publicly insulted, and the churches they stood for were maligned. These expressions indicate a state of feeling among the people which is not pleasant to contemplate.

The Bystander has just read an article in the Atlantic Monthly entitled,

Confessions of a Minister's Wife.

He has decided to give the gist of this article to the readers of The Pacific with some reflections of his own. He is inclined to think this good wife fairly represents the pastoral insight of her sex and of her office, and that these confessions might be duplicated in every parish in the land. As a preliminary to the precise work of the minister's wife the writer gives her opinion upon certain conditions prevailing in our churches. She does not mince matters in the least, but strikes out straight and strong. The article ought to appear in full in every church paper in the country. Among other good things she says: "Another insidious foe of the Church is the curious custom of estimating results by numerical showing. * * * A church accredited with a membership of one thousand may easily shrink to eight hundred, and the minister who eliminates the dead wood must bear the odium of the clearing. When progress is estimated by numbers, the minister and his wife, perforce, must prospect for converts. * * * Perhaps, also, it encourages elasticity in the test of membership. Thus a noted infidel of our acquaintance was urged by a distinguished clergyman to be confirmed. 'I'll make it easy for you,' he argued obilgily."

The writer discusses with keen discrimination the various philosophical or theological types of thought in the ministry. First, the minister, who holds fast to the ecclesiastical machine. "Personal advantage requires him to stand by the machine just as it requires the British army officer to stand by the royal family. Promotion and honor lie in this direction. His portrait appears in the denominational paper. His little successes are lauded and emphasized. Powerful churches make overtures for the pastorate. If on the other

hand the minister is suspected of disloyalty to traditional theology, he is regarded as a "suspect," is considered unsound, and the machine is his ministerial death. "The pastor sought by religious bodies is not the man of open vision, but he who preaches the prevailing theology."

Among the types in the priesthood of the Church are the following: The Conformist—"the only man who can be happy in the clerical profession." The Bystander believes this rather striking statement true, provided happiness be defined as comfortable. To be sure, we are not in this world to be either comfortable or happy, but that doesn't contradict the statement of the minister's wife about the man "who resolutely stuffs his ears against the siren of progress." It must be said that the "Conformist" has a large and influential following. Self-satisfied people do not care to have their ideas jostled. Hence, peace and harmony may be that of the cemetery rather than the busy city with its ever-moving life.

"Another type is the middle of the road minister." His policy is that of the world. "Have no opinions until you are on the safe side of the dollar question." His is the ministry of "Cant." The other minister is the man of honesty and open vision. He dresses like other men, espouses unpopular reforms." He is never seen in public places with a limp-covered Bible under his arm." Men respect him. "Yet, strange to say, things do not go well in the parish. Some old lady misses the traditional phraseology; the deacons fear the influence of practical teaching on the young; pews are given up; heresy trials threaten. Let the advocates of an open pulpit and an open college inaugurate a bread-and-butter fund for the maintenance of untrammelled preachers and professors!"

This plain-spoken wife proceeds to lay the lash on self-complacent churches, however poor, which demand first-class preachers, and the methods adopted to secure such pastors. As to getting rid of them she says, "A minister may be deposed for no greater offense than subscribing to the Outlook." Strange to say, she has no sympathy with those women who say, "The church engaged my husband, not me." Here is a criticism on Ladies' Aids and Woman's Guilds." Aside from the purpose of swelling the funds of the Lord's Treasury, it has seemed to me that these societies exist in order to hold meetings."

With all these criticisms this good wife, who has been a helper to a popular pastor, believes in missions, loves the church, and honors the minister as a prophet, not a priest. Is she a pessimist? No; her world is neither sta-

tionary nor retreating, but advancing and triumphing.

The minister's wife occupies a delicate position in the work of the church. The Bystander believes that if she modestly keeps that place and does not attempt to be the leader of every society, from the choir to the Ladies' Aid Society, but patiently and sweetly does the work which properly falls within her province and escapes the snares of factions, circles and cliques, having learned to say no at the proper time and supporting her husband rather than the church, she will have peace of mind, independence as a woman and freedom as a pastor's wife.

The minister's wife who works nervously and is sensitive to criticisms, who toils early and late to please people, will find how futile and unsatisfactory such a life is. Many churches are working their pastor's wives to death. They compel them to do everything, from wearing a bonnet of the best style to preaching a sermon. Above all things, the minister's wife must remember that her home to her is of more importance than the church, and that here is her first place. She must not permit any intrusion into the life of her home. She may belong to the work of the church, but her home is her own. Her duty is to her husband first and through him to the church. Blessed is the pastor who has a sensible wife, but the Bystander always felt sorry for John Wesley, whose wife made faces at him while he preached in City Road Chapel, London.

Brevities.

No weapon will slay the enemy like the "Sword of the Spirit."

"The century is not ripe for my ideal; I live a citizen of the centuries that are to come."—Schiller.

To appropriate everything that has in it the possibility of good, and to put it to its best use, is the mission of the Christian man or woman in this world; not to turn one's back on earthly things, but to throw one's arms around them, and, as some poet has said, "love them into loveliness."

Let Be What Has Been.

Should some great angel say to me tomorrow,
"Thou must retreat thy pathwa" from the start,
But God will give in pity for thy sorrow

Some one dear wish, the nearest to thy heart,
This were my wish, From my life's dim begin'n'g
My want, my woe, my errors and m- sinning,

All, all, were needed lessons for my soul!

Let be what hast been, wisdom planned the whole,

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Test for Applicants for Church Membership

By Rev. E. E. Chakurin.

All social organizations have their standard with which to test the applicants for membership. The nature of the standard depends on the kind of organization, of course. A wage-earner is not fit to join a trust or a combination of manufacturers; neither is a cripple to enroll himself as a soldier in the army of the nation. The first is a commercial organization and the test is pecuniary. The last is an organization of forces and the qualification is muscular.

The right definition, therefore, of the test for a membership in any organization necessitates an adequate knowledge of the real nature of that organization. We can always be safely guided in the selection of material for the church, or for any other system, by our correct conception thereof. If a preacher of the gospel finds his material for the church of his Lord in the persons who think more of their dance, card party, theatre-going and several other social amusements, it is time for him to revise his conception of the church.

And if many others of the same vocation have advanced notions that have discouraged and repelled souls that ought to be rejoicing now in the church of God and the salvation of Jesus Christ, it is simply because they have forgotten the simplicity of Scripture.

Whether our privilege is to organize a new church or to minister to the growth of one already formed, in either situation we are not without a model. We are not designers but copyists. Our perplexity in the choice of material for the temple of God, the dwelling-place of godly men and women, often arises from the fact that we forget the injunction, "And thou shalt rear up the tabernacle according to the fashion thereof which hath been showed thee in the mount"; and that we try to rear up the sacred edifice of God's visible church according to our own fashion, selecting the material after our own narrow, imperfect judgment and perhaps false wisdom. If we have the New Testament idea of the church and rear up after the same pattern and upon the same foundation, we would be free from not a few of our blunders, which we make by putting in (on account of our undue ambition, perhaps, for the numerical growth of the church) any kind of material we can get hold of—"wood, hay, or stubble," which stand not the fire of a Christlike living; and by rejecting others that were shaped and fitted, by the grace of God some time ago, for the walls of God's kingdom.

The church is the congregation of the believers. A man who does not believe "has no

part with it," however moral and socially influential and financially helpful he may be. And a man who believes must be immediately welcomed, however weak he may be, and his past life destitute of the fruit of the Holy Spirit. The Christian faith is the shibboleth of the army of the Cross; or, changing the figure, faith is the connecting link of the chain, and not love. Faith stands for birth, or infancy in Christian life and love for maturity and fruit-bearing. One is for start and one for development and fruitfulness. In the reception of a member into our church, if we are making the acts of love, or the fruit of the Holy Ghost, our only criterion, we are mistaking the spirit of the gospel method. And we are illogical, like an orchardist who will not plant until he sees the fruit of the tree. Christ never said to a strange sheep, whom he wanted to fold into the blissful inclosure of his Father's Kingdom, "Lovest thou me?" But he said, "Believest thou on me?" It was to the sheep that had been found years since he said, "Lovest thou me?"

In the infancy of the church the only title on the cross, written even in more languages and larger capitals than the one put by Pilate, was, "Believest thou the Christ?" This faith required, let us remember, was not in a creed, nor in the church discipline, nor in the main points of the Christian doctrines, such as the atonement, the inspiration of the Scriptures, the Holy Trinity, the everlasting punishment for the unrighteous, etc., but in Christ.

Mr. Henry Ward Beecher once said: "Some men say, 'I would become a Christian if I only first understood all the doctrines of Christianity. Tell me, what is this doctrine of the atonement, of justification, of adoption?' My reply to all such persons is, 'You need no such instruction as this. You know already much on all such subjects and are no better for it. What you need is to put on the Lord Jesus Christ as your Savior. After that you can examine all the doctrines as much as you please.'"

Allow the reference to personal experience. In my age of twelve or thirteen I desired to unite with the church, but hesitated because of an examining committee, consisting of pastor, deacons and some visiting minister, which stood between my desire and its realization. I knew, I believed, Christ. In my country home, in my simple life, and in the solitude of lone and peaceful valleys, hills and mountains, I made him my constant Companion. In my petty joys and annoyances, I loved him; and in my melancholy disposition, I trusted him. And I wanted to join His church. Yet I actually dreaded the going through the ordeal, as I so considered it, of the examining

committee. However, I did finally venture it, after being urged repeatedly by my former pastor. Some of the questions I was given were as follows: "How long since you became a Christian? How do you know that you are a Christian? If there arose a persecution today, as in the days of the apostles, would you be willing to suffer and be martyred, if needs be, for your Lord and Master's sake? How many Gods are there? How do you know that there are three Persons in one Godhead?"

The questions were not stupid, as you see. They were mystic, prophetic and philosophic, as I am able to classify them now.

While you admire with me the intelligence of the examiners in the illustration, yet you do not wonder that the boys and girls of my age, ability and experience should have dreaded the affiliation with the body of believers. I heartily believe yet in the value of an examining committee; yet it makes me sad to see them violate the simplicity of Scriptural standards.

There was a jail in a Roman town, in Paul's time in the charge of a cruel jailor. He knew nothing about the Bible, or Christ, or any life after death. He had never heard of so much as the Ten Commandments, or the Lord's Prayer. He did not even know that God was good and wished him to be good. When suddenly an earthquake shook the prison and threw some of the walls down the terrified jailor would have killed himself, knowing of the consequence if his prisoners got away. Paul, suspecting what the jailor was about to do, called out, "Do thyself no harm. We are all here." And the jailor called for a light, and came down into the dungeon, all trembling, and asked Paul and Silas what to do to be saved. They said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," and they took him and baptized him that same night into the church. He knew nothing about God, or heaven, or duty, or Christ, or love; but he believed and wanted to know these, and his desire to learn was enough to make him a member of the church of Christ.

The disciples in the New Testament believed in Christ before they believed anything about Christ. He was walking along the street one day, and he saw a tax-gatherer collecting taxes, and he said to him, "Follow me"; and Matthew closed up his business at once and followed Christ. He did not know for a year afterwards that Christ was the Messiah, nor until three years after that Christ would die for the sins of the world and would rise again. He believed Christ and followed him before he learned anything about Christ and his work, and nothing, certainly, about the Christian doctrines.

If I had been called on to write on the subject at the head of my paper in a time when the church was yet in her infancy, it would have been worded thus: "Test for applicants for Discipleship," instead of "Church Membership," for the latter term was then not in use. I like the word "disciple" better than I do the name, "church member." My reason for the preference is not only because the word "disciple" is an evangelical designation, but because it is an expounder of the state of the applicant for the church affiliation, as well as of the function of the church. "Disciple" means a scholar, a learner; the church, therefore, must be a school. Men and women come there, not to practice what they have learned, or to display their prior knowledge and experience, but to learn new wisdom and to get new experiences.

The church, again, is not an art gallery where the pictures, after being touched and retouched, hang down on the walls of the temple of God for exhibition. If it were so, what unlovely and unsightly pictures would some of the church members make! But the church is a studio. It is the workshop of the Great Artist, the Son of Mary. Uniting with the church is simply entering into this divine workshop, to get back, to recover, the "image of God," which is the native superscription of every immortal soul. And any man, or woman, or child, who believes that Christ is the supreme Teacher and divine Artist, and makes up his mind to go to him and learn of him, and yields himself to be shaped by him, should be left untried by further human tests.

Let us not forget the simplicity of Scriptural test and tell our fellow-men, our youth and our children, that the church is a school. We join it to be taught by Christ; to be taught to answer such vital and immortal questions as these: "What is it to be good? What is it to be bad? When we die what becomes of us? The body is put in the grave; is the man put in the grave? If not, what becomes of the man that loved and laughed, and wept and was angry or joyful? Who made me? What did he make me for? Can I know him? When I have done wrong and am unhappy, what can I do to get rid of the wrong and the unhappiness? If I want to be good and pure, and true and brave, what can I do to be what I wanted to be?" These are the questions which Jesus answered, and to be a Christian is to go to school to Christ and try to learn what is the truth which he teaches us.

In a recently published paper, under the same head as mine, it was stated that for the last two years the additions to our churches

by confession were 49,000, and removals by discipline, 24,000. "This indicates the fact that," said the writer, "we are making very broad the gate that Christ said was narrow. Our churches," he added, "should require, a much more careful testing of applicants before allowing them to enter as full members."

We do not think that the trouble lies in the size of the gate, as is supposed, but in the condition of the interior. Our churches need carefulness, not so much in building the gate narrow as in making the inside attractive, charming, helpful and edifying. It is unlike the disposition of Christ to send back a precious soul that comes as near as to the door, or on account of the size of the door or of that of the comer. If the formality, dogma, human notions and regulations are belittling the gate into the fold, let us have the courage of tearing some of them down.

The church of Christ should boast not of the extension of the door of the church, but of her tact, attractiveness, spirituality and transforming influence over those that were being saved, whom the Lord adds to her number from time to time, and thus share with her Christ the sense of gratification of well-performed duty: "I kept them in thy name which thou hast given me; and I guarded them, and not one of them perished, but the son of perdition."

It is sometimes said that it is not safe to receive to church membership immediately a person who is converted in a revival meeting. He needs to have the test of time. He ought to wait through a period of probation. "Wait"! How foreign and hostile is the term "wait" to the gracious invitation of the gospel, "Come!" "Thou shalt rear up the tabernacle according to the fashion thereof which hath been showed thee in the mount."

The Conversion of Aristarchus.

Rev. E. D. Weage.

When Aristarchus came back to college for the Senior year he was somewhat changed. A long sickness, the glimpse of real Christian life in the friend's home where he had spent the summer, the problems of coming days, all combined to make him more sober. He was not less genial and genuine, but the old free, boyish way was fast leaving. We who had learned to love him during our years together wondered, now and then, if he might not yet be reached religiously. But if he was approachable on that subject we did not find it out.

The holidays had passed when there came to our college town a man who will never be forgotten. He was not an ordinary evangel-

ist. He was a theological preacher. He had the physical build of a natural speaker and the brain of a great thinker. When God combines the two in one man and sets him on fire the world moves. One may live a lifetime and never meet such a man, but there have been such men and, please God, there shall be again. His preaching was of the heavier, fundamental doctrines, and was absolutely tremendous. There was not a trace of humor. So far as he was concerned there was an utter absence of machinery in the services. He appointed no committees, had no canvassing, made no arrangements. He was a fine musician and now and then arranged with the choir for some particular music, but that was all. The hymns and tunes were solid and capable of that thrilling effect unknown to our Gospel Hymns.

Night after night the great church was filled to listen to such preaching as most of us never heard before. If the preacher spoke three quarters of an hour people listened. If he spoke two hours people listened. Argument and denunciation, warning and pleading, came with a power that grew as the days passed. Sin never seemed so hateful nor its punishment so sure and dreadful, nor the love of God so wonderful and strong. The town was filled with the atmosphere of the services. Men and women of every kind came into the kingdom clearly. Most of the students were converted. But the services seemed to madden Aristarchus. His evident interest changed to hate. His old ridicule came back. His sarcasm was more caustic than ever. He attended the services, but there was not the least sign of softening. The last day came. All the college exercises were suspended. The various classes met in prayer services. In ours the one thought and cry was for him who had been on our hearts so long. That night the house was packed. The prelude on the organ was an extemporaneous arrangement of Luther's Judgment Hymn. This was followed by the only hymn of the evening—

In all my vast concerns with thee
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

It was sung to "Dundee." What that hymn and tune can mean can be understood only by one who has heard them sung by two thousand voices at such a time. A few words from the third chapter of John were followed by a solo, a prayer taken from Elijah, "Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God." The man who sang it was a thorough musician, a thorough Christian, and had come from his closet. When, in the hush that followed, the tall form

of the preacher rose for the prayer, Elijah himself seemed to stand before us, touched with more than Elijah's tenderness. I cannot describe the prayer. I know that long before it was finished men were sobbing on every side and the preacher's face was drenched with tears. The organist touched softly the first chords of Gounod's "Sanctus." Then, clear and far away, there came the words, "Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty." They sang it every term. There was not a child who was not familiar with it. But it was with something akin to terror that I heard the steady progress toward that climax that, even in ordinary circumstances, thrills one like a charge of electricity. The rendering that night would have been death to any other sermon I ever heard. But when the preacher with white, wet face rose with the only text that could be used, and spoke three words of it—"God so loved,"—the keenest critic would have had no fears of an anti-climax. The thunders of Sinai and the agonies of Calvary were there. An hour passed and no one moved; an hour and a half, and still men listened with an intensity that was painful. Then came a clear, quiet, pleading invitation for acceptance of Christ and a pledge to a new life. I had long been watching Aristarchus, who sat two seats in front of me and a little to one side. Ten, twenty had risen, and still he did not move. His face was set and pallid. His hands worked nervously; now and then they rested on the seat in front of him and then dropped again. Then, just before the close, by one mighty effort, he pulled himself to his feet, and as he did so his face lighted with the transfiguration glory. A deep voice behind me exclaimed in undertone, "Thank God!"

Tulare.

An Alaska Letter.

Editor Pacific: We heartily agree with your editorial of two months ago regarding the strain and hurt of church debts, and so when, after one and a half years of struggling, we recently paid off the last dollar of floating debt on our church building and its furnishings, we held a Jubilee Praise Service and all rejoiced together. Another reason for our relief of mind and gladness of heart was, that at the same time of the debt-raising, we were obliged to make some changes in the interior of the church, to heat it in winter, alter the roof to preserve it in our floods of rain, and build a parsonage. This has all been done and every bill paid. In this last undertaking we received some help from friends in the States, including a few churches and individuals in California, to whom we are very grateful. The parsonage is connected with the

church and the pastor and his wife can speak from experience as to its comfort and convenience.

Christmas was duly celebrated by a full Christmas service Sunday evening, Dec. 23d, and a public Christmas tree and festival for the boys and girls of the town on Christmas eve, when, besides the program, beautiful decorations, etc., we were enabled—through the generosity of the miners who subscribe to this as to nothing else—to give a handsome present to one hundred and forty children.

Though not a large place, Douglas can justly claim to be cosmopolitan, as the following official list of our twenty-nine nationalities will show: Aleuts, Americans, Australians, Austrians, Belgians, Brazilians, Canadians, Chinese, Danes, English, Finlanders, French, Germans, Greeks, Herzegovians, Hungarians, Indians, Irish, Italians, Japanese, Norwegians, Poles, Russians, Scotch, Swedes, Swiss, Syrians, Turks, and Welsh. Representatives of all these are occasionally at our church services.

Our electric lights are now on from two o'clock in the afternoon until ten o'clock the next morning, and, after all is done and said, the long gloomy nights are tiresome and oppressive.

The whales are paying us their winter visit, coming up the channel with the schools of small fish, and their blowing and sporting before our windows never fails to attract and interest.

The denominational competition—unnecessary, determined, merciless—which followed our entering this field still continues, and while this church easily leads in its work, the division of the community holds us back from self-support and a more pronounced success.

Our Sunday-school has been enlarged by four new classes and maintains its high average attendance in all weathers.

We now have two Junior Societies, one for the boys and the other for the girls, which are organized and meet separately because we can thus reach many more and do more good.

The funerals, which are mostly of men killed by accident, still draw largely upon our sympathies and strength. One death a few months ago was extremely touching. Three men at the bottom of a shaft, in one of the mines, had fired ten charges of high explosives and gave the usual signal to be hoisted to the surface; but some one had blundered, for the engine running the hoist had been disconnected at just that juncture to make a repair, and also the order of the "shaft boss" to place a wire ladder in position had been disregarded. Of the three men thus left unprovided for two climbed hand over hand up a

wire rope hardly larger than a lead pencil to a place of safety, while the third man was unable to make it and slipped back to his fate, his companions from the level above, powerless to help him, hearing his heartrending cries and speaking with him in the long intervening seconds before the blasts went off.

Sometimes these accidents are due entirely to the carelessness of the men themselves. For instance, two men were running a machine—a Burleigh drill—standing on a narrow ledge on the side of a large open pit, or quarry, and when their attention was called to a rock above them as seeming loose and liable to fall, the rejoinder was, "O, that's all right," and work at that spot was continued. A little later the rock fell; and striking one of the men killed him instantly. The other stepped back in time to escape the falling rock, but in doing so lost his balance and fell from the ledge to the bottom of the pit and met his death.

These funerals are largely attended by the fellow-countrymen of the deceased, and being mostly of young, single men, we feel very tender as we realize that we stand for the dear ones in the homelands so far away; and oh, for grace to speak so often to a church crowded with men, many of whom never otherwise enter the house of God, as lovingly and helpfully as one would wish! May the Lord ever be present in power and blessing.

We have a new Congregational church in Alaska, organized last October, at Valdez, some six hundred miles to the northwest from here, which is a United States military post, and being the American entrance to the Klondike, and Yukon river country, is a place of considerable promise as to its future. Rev. D. W. Cram and wife, from Lyle, Minnesota, are doing good service there.

There are now three Congregational churches in the District of Alaska: the first here in Douglas, one at Nome, which from accounts is doing well, and this last at Valdez.

Yours in the gospel,

H. Hammond Cole.

Douglas, Alaska, Jan. 10, 1901.

You can't isolate yourself and say that the evil in you shall not spread. Men's lives are as thoroughly blended with each other as the air we breathe. Evil spreads as necessarily as disease. Every sin brings suffering to others besides those who commit it.—Eliot.

Human-love is itself the best worship. Human love is itself the holiest presence of God and is the best proof that the divine Love which has produced it and lives in it will fulfill all the promises whispered there.—Henry M. Simmons.

The Watchword of the Student Volunteer Movement:

The Evangelization of the World in This Generation.

The Student Volunteer Movement began in 1886, at a conference of Canadian and American students and has since spread to all parts of the world. It has even been taken up in the colleges of mission lands. Its purpose is to enthroned "Jesus Christ as King among all nations and races of men."

In the United States, Canada, Great Britain and Ireland, the members of the Student Volunteer Movement have adopted for their watchword, "The evangelization of the world in this generation."

What does this watchword mean, which has already become such a power in the missionary world.

First of all, it means the giving to all men of "an adequate opportunity to know Jesus Christ as their Savior, and to become his real disciples."

Do not we as Christians place any importance upon the command of Christ to preach the gospel to every creature?

As Mr. Mott says in his powerful book on this watchword: "If the gospel is to be preached to all men, it obviously must be done while they are living. The evangelization of the world in this generation, therefore, means the preaching of the gospel to those who are now living. To us who are responsible for preaching the gospel it means in our life-time; to those to whom it is to be preached it means in their lifetime.

The unevangelized, for whom we, as Christians, are responsible, live in this generation; The phrase, "In this generation," therefore, strictly speaking, has a different meaning for each person. In the last analysis, if the world is to be evangelized in this or in any other generation, it will be because a sufficient number of individual Christians recognize and assume their personal obligation to the undertaking.

Defining the watchword negatively: The evangelization of the world in this generation does not mean the conversion of the world in this generation.

In giving every person in the world an adequate opportunity accept Christ it is not expected that every one will accept him; nevertheless, it is believed that many conversions will result from this teaching. Most emphatically it does not mean the superficial preaching of the gospel. Many missionaries have objected to this watch-word because they thought it implied this. It does not. The story is not merely to be told to each person once; but in many cases it will mean years of patient teaching and earnest example.

The watch-word does not imply the bringing of the whole world in one generation up to the high standards of Christian living; this would be wholly impossible in one generation.

The evangelization of the world in this generation is not to be regarded as a prophecy. It simply emphasizes our obligation to the unevangelized world; it tells what ought to be done—not what is actually to occur. We owe every man the gospel. Can we sit down and think how much Christianity means to us and yet claim that the heathen can get along all right without Christ?

Mr. Mott says in his earnest way: "What a wrong against mankind to keep the knowledge of the mission of Christ to all men from two-thirds of the race!"

"If we do not preach Christ where he has not been named who will?" From whom shall the heathen now living hear that word if the Christians of the present day fail to discharge the debt?

And finally, the evangelization of the world in this generation should not be regarded as an end in itself. It is our duty to tell every one in this generation the gospel message, but it must not stop with that—the work must be followed up by baptisms; by organizing churches and making them self-supporting and establishing them so firmly, that if "Christianity were to die out in Europe and America, it would abide in purity and as a missionary power in its new homes and would live on through the centuries."

Tischendorf and the Sinaitic Manuscript.

Tischendorf (privat-docent at the University of Leipzig in 1840) went down, in 1844, to Mount Sinai searching for Bible manuscripts, finding, in something like a waste-basket, forty-three cast-off leaves from an Old Testament manuscript apparently of the fifth century, and now, as "The Codex Frederico-Augustanus" (after the then King of Saxony), the property of the University of Leipzig.

The study of the find whetted his appetite; and, in 1853, he returned to Sinai, looked as carefully as permitted through the whole monastery, but found no trace of further manuscript (the monks having meantime waked up to the possible value of his first batch.) He did not dare magnify values; hence would not ask for them. He therefore departed, having seen used in the binding of a book only two or three little bits of a continuation of his original find.

The publication of his first forty-three leaves created a tremendous stir in Europe and aroused the jealousy of other paleographers to its extreme pitch, so that

his failure in further discoveries in the trip forestalled him. Years passing, and the scientific societies' journals maintaining silence, he determined on a return; this time bearing a large sum of money and full credentials from the Emperor of Russia, the temporal head of the Greek Church, to which belonged the monastery at Sinai and its mother monastery at Cairo, Egypt. Reaching Sinai early in 1859, he studied the monastery's architecture and searched it thoroughly for leaves of the expected manuscript, finding nothing. Despondent, he ordered his camels; but on the eve of departure, invited to the monastery steward's cell, the steward took from his shelf a book, rolled together and tied in a red silk handkerchief, and handed it to Tischendorf as "something he had found lying about." Tischendorf discovered it to be the manuscript he had been fifteen years hunting, examined it rapidly, saw before him the whole of the books of the New Testament, the Epistle of Barnabas, and that of the Shepherd of Hermas. Prior to that time the Epistle of Barnabas had not been found complete in Greek.

How the monks voted down the proposition of Tischendorf to surrender to him the Sinaitic manuscript; his journey to Cairo and the repetition of his demand to the mother monastery there; the transmission, on the latter's order, from Sinai to Cairo of the manuscript; Tischendorf's copying it, with the aid of two Greek scholars, under surveillance of the Cairo authorities; his final request for the original as a gift to the Emperor of Russia—is matter of history. The death of the archbishop delayed proceedings; the action sought demanded completeness in the monkish fraternity as an organization; and ten months from the finding of the manuscript they had elected a new archbishop and were ready to give the precious document, which was done, with due solemnity, in the presence of the Consul-General of Prussia and the monks. As a return gift, the Emperor of Russia awarded, by mutual agreement, five thousand and two thousand rubles, respectively, to the monasteries at Cairo and Sinai, besides conferring decorations on the chief monks.

For three years Tischendorf almost ate, drank and slept this Codex Sinaiticus—a treasure such as the church had not known before, the first great uncial writing containing the whole of the New Testament. He went over line after line, column after column, page after page, making a facsimile print, wherein he used five different sizes of letters made to correspond to sizes found in the manuscript, over which he worked from 1850 to 1860, when the four volumes were published in Leipzig under the auspices of the Emperor of Russia.

He printed a title-page for their appearance at the celebration of the millennial year of the Russian empire; but jealousy circumvented this use of the volumes. Three of the volumes contained the text proper, while the fourth included many plates—beautiful facsimiles of the different kinds of writing found in the Codex Sinaiticus. In the first part of the fourth volume he went over it line by line and letter by letter; and wherever there was any peculiar reading, any double writing—when a man had scratched out a letter with his knife and written another letter on top of it—he would say, “On this page and this line you will see that letter; and that letter was originally this letter, and that was scratched out and this was put in.”

In 1863, Tischendorf made a smaller edition of the New Testament part. He also made an edition in 1865. The original Codex Sinaiticus today rests in the Russian Imperial Library.

When he had published the Codex Sinaiticus, he applied to the Pope for permission similarly to edit the Codex Vaticanus—a manuscript probably from the fourth century—that for centuries had lain in the Vatican Library, and access to which had been denied to all. He published, about 1867, a partial edition of the Vatican manuscript.—Scientific American.

Ralph Connor.

By One Who Knows Him.

The new Canadian writer, Ralph Connor, whose books, “Black Rock” and “The Sky Pilot,” have placed him in the very front rank of Canadian idyllists, is the Rev. Charles W. Gordon, pastor of the young and growing church of St. Stephen’s, in Winnipeg. Winnipeg, the historic Fort Garry of romantic Red River and Hudson Bay days, is the Queen City of the Canadian Northwest, and has already contributed somewhat to literature and added a few names to the list of Canadian authors. In addition to “Black Rock” and “The Sky Pilot,” Ralph Connor has written a beautiful idyl, called “Beyond the Marshes,” which in style and spirit is more like “Rab and His Friends” than anything I know of in English literature.

Ralph Connor came of solid Scottish stock. His father, the Rev. Daniel Gordon, was a Highlander who came to Canada in the early forties, settling for a time in a remote district peopled by emigrants from the north of Scotland and the islands lying to the West Coast. He removed later to the Highland settlement of Glengarry in the Indian Lands, where he remained twenty years, and where our author was born. The Rev. Daniel Gordon was a

man of great force and originality, with a double portion of that white-heated passion we call Highland fire, and was an eloquent preacher. He played the bagpipes as only a musical Scot can, and those who have heard him wail out “Lochaber No More!” and the weird pibrochs, can never forget them. He was a teller of thrilling tales, and the tales that are told of him would fill a large volume.

The author’s mother was a daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian, who threw in his lot with the Congregationalists and came to New England in the early days, where he labored in the ministry many years, going finally to the town of Sherbrooke in the old province of Quebec, Canada. Mary Robertson Gordon was a remarkable woman. She was a cousin of the great modern mystic and religious writer, the renowned leaders of the Dutch Reformed South African Church, the Rev. Andrew Murray, of Clairvaux. She was also a cousin of the famous Robertson Smith. M. M. Robertson, the well-known writer of “Christie Redfern’s Troubles,” “Alison Bain,” and other religious fiction, was her sister. Mrs. Gordon was a woman of extraordinary mental power and keen spiritual vision. At the early age of twenty she taught philosophy in Mt. Holyoke, then the first institution of its kind in New England. At twenty-two she refused the principalship to marry the young Highland minister, and went to live in the backwoods of Canada, in that first wild parish already mentioned, twenty-five miles from a railway station and remote from all refined, cultured society which was her element. She labored unceasingly throughout her life, for family and congregation alike, becoming proficient in Gaelic that she might the more readily minister to the people’s needs. For many years she rode on horseback eighteen miles every week, carrying her babies with her, to teach a Bible class and hold women’s meetings.

Ralph Connor thus entered into a rich intellectual and spiritual heritage, no sounder basis of literary equipment. In this Highland settlement in the heart of a Canadian forest he was born, in the year 1860. The manse was a large square brick house, with wide verandas, situated in a natural park of pines and maples, with a glebe of some twenty-four acres, with forest all around. His home was in the woods; the school, two miles away, was in a clearing in the woods, the path to which lay through the woods, where the children’s games were played; so it is not surprising that there grew within him a passionate love for the woods, with their dark shadows, rich greens, cold fragrance, and soft, weird harmonies; a love which to this day he retains. “Thoreau’s

yearning for 'wildness,' " I once said to him. "Yes, I ought to have been an Indian," he said.

When Ralph Connor was eleven years old, his father removed to another congregation in Western Ontario, where there were better schools, and where he entered the high school of a neighboring town, whence he was graduated to Toronto University. Like many a young Canadian of good family, he earned every dollar that paid for his education, working in the wheat fields till he was of an age to teach school. While in the university he took honors in the classics and did something in the way of scholarships, but he sailed through his university course as on a summer's sea, for though gifted with an alert and comprehensive mind, Ralph Connor never bothered about studying. At that time the teaching of English literature in the University was shockingly slack, and while there he learned nothing of literature beyond that which he already knew. He was never a steady reader, nor a bookman in any real sense, nor is he to this day, though he has a fine library and poetic taste. He was a member of the College Glee Club and most of the societies abounding in the college world, and attaches considerable importance to the fact that he played quarter-back in the champion Rugby team for Western Ontario. After a three years' course in theology at Knox College, where, in spite of indifferent health, he carried off valuable prizes and an unusual number of scholarships, he spent a year in Edinburgh and on the Continent trying to establish health. Greatly improved, he returned to Canada, and went far up into the forest on Lake Nipissing, where he and his brother spent three months, never seeing the countenance of a paleface. Thence he went for two years to Banff, the National Park of Canada, in the very heart of the Rockies. Here he rejoiced in wilderness, climbing the highest mountains, taking them to his heart, and making the ministry of the hills his own. On Sabbaths he preached in the little Presbyterian church to the people of the village and the tourists who cared to come—sometimes a small congregation, for both alike were an uncertain quantity.

Ralph Connor in private life has made a host of friends, some of them men whose names are honored and whose books are widely read this side of the Atlantic, such as Henry Drummond, whom he is singularly like in his winsome, genial disposition. In one of her enduring novels, Mrs. Stowe has depicted the beautiful, emotional side of an historic character, a side seldom presented to us. As I remember this, it might have stood for just that side of Ralph Connor, whose faculty for at-

tracting and attaching people to himself amounts to genius. He has a surpassing love for little children, whom he wins at first sight. Along the mountain railway for thirty miles every baby knew and loved him. Not always according to ritual or the traditions of the church did he minister. One Sabbath, at the close of his sermon, a hunted and outworn look on a face marked Scottish went to his heart, and he sang, then and there, "I'm wearin' awa, Jean." It was not an orthodox gospel solo, but it did the work. This is not to say he would do it in Winnipeg, or that he would be allowed to do it. Of Ralph Connor's uncommon literary gift, or of the material that went into his books, I shall not now speak. His spiritual value as a writer of idyls cannot be overestimated, and much could be said about that spiritual touch, all his own, so rare, subtle, sure. His best book has yet to be written, and those who know him well, know that he has a tremendous literary power in reserve, not power which is being occasionally withheld, but which is lying latent. He has it in him to write a book which could easily stand first in the Canadian classics, and, when Canadian literature comes into its own, it will win a high place.—"The Critic."

Student's Conference at Pacific Grove.

Again the students of the Pacific Coast College and University Christian Association have assembled by delegates at Pacific Grove on Monterey Bay for a ten days' Conference.

One hundred students were registered, representing twenty-seven institutions and five States, the three largest delegations being those of the University of California, 35; Stanford University, 15, and Pomona College, 11.

The morning sessions began with a Missionary Conference. The Mission Study Class, the Volunteer Band and the Campaign work were also subjects under discussion. A Bible Study Hour was held each day; also a platform address. Among the speakers were Dr. Clappett of San Francisco, Dr. Minton, also of San Francisco, Prof. Nash of the Pacific Theological Seminary, and for the last few days Mr. J. R. Mott, secretary of the World's Student Christian Association. An evening session was also held.

One of the students in attendance says of Mr. Mott: He was not a flowery orator, but he would fire fact after fact at us which carried conviction. One could not help but believe in missions and missionary work after listening to such an earnest, thoughtful man.

The result of the Conference was a deep, spiritual impression upon the students in attendance, to be carried back and made to spread in the various institutions. *

Woman's Board.

A South African Story.

The principal man of the neighborhood lay very ill in his hut. Of course, he must be bewitched, so said everybody, for the heathen Zulus attributed an illness to witchcraft. Somebody must have a grudge or ill-feeling of some kind, against this man and in revenge had caused this heavy sickness to come upon him. But who could it be? In order to find out a witch-doctor was summoned and the men of the whole neighborhood were ordered to assemble at a certain place. Among them was a young man, who, with his wife and two babies, had a pleasant home not far from the kraal of the sick man. They had everything nicely started, their hut in a good location, near wood and water, and a well-cared for garden testified to the diligence of the young wife, Mankamba, by name. Here she worked every day, with her baby strapped to her back, while the little boy played near her. There were a few cows belonging to the establishment and these her husband milked and looked after. Everything seemed to promise a happy life for the little family. But their prosperity excited the cupidity of the head man. He wanted those cattle to increase the size of his own herd and now his illness furnished a good opportunity to get them. A few hints sufficed to show the sharp-witted witch-doctor where he must throw suspicion. When the summons to "come and help smell out the witch" reached the home of our young friends, both felt a vague uneasiness, yet conscious of innocence, the young man at once started for the place of meeting. Mankamba kept on with her work, hoping soon to see her husband back. The day wore on, however, and he did not appear. At length, a noise of shouting, "Kill the witch," assured Mankamba that some one had been doomed and filled with a great fear she caught up her babies and went and hid herself and them in the bush. Then she heard the shouts come nearer and looking out from her hiding-place, she saw men setting fire to her home, while others drove the cattle away. Feeling sure then that she would never see her husband again, she waited till all was quiet, then went deeper into the bush. She carried the baby on her back, but the little boy ran along by her side. They went on and on without daring to ask help of any one, for no one would help the family of a man condemned as a witch. Night came on and this poor mother had no food to give her children, nor any place for them to sleep. Suddenly Makamba remembered to have heard that some distance

away lived a white man, a missionary, and that missionaries were men of mercy. She resolved to go to him and ask for help, but she was too weak, from hunger and anxiety, to carry her baby any farther. There were wild animals in the bush, but finding a sheltered place, she laid her sleeping baby down as safely as she could, and taking the little boy's hand, she walked on as fast as possible. At last she reached the mission station and told her troubles to the "man of mercy," who at once fed her and her little boy and told her she might stay on the station. Waiting only long enough to rest a little, Mankamba went back into the bush to her baby-girl, whom she found safe and sound. Giving her some food she had brought, she at once started back to the station. There she was given a hut by the missionary, where she lived with her children and did the work provided by the missionary, whose wife taught the children as soon as they were old enough to go to school. Mankamba was disposed to listen to the story of the Savior who came to save her and others, and after a time joined the little band of believers and for many years lived a consistent Christian life.

As the children grew up they both married young people on the station and began homes of their own. Their mother lived sometimes at one of their homes and sometimes at the other, but she never forgot her gratitude to the good missionaries who took her in and cared for her in her time of trouble. Do missions pay?

Southern Branch.

Thursday and Friday, April eleventh and twelfth, is the time named for the annual meeting of the Southern Branch of the W. B. M. P., in Redlands, the sessions opening at two o'clock on Thursday and continuing through the evening and Friday afternoon.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Union of Southern California precedes this, on Wednesday afternoon, evening, and Thursday morning. This arrangement of broken days is made to accommodate the delegates in the coming in and going out of the trains.

Two months only remain, therefore, in which to fulfill our aims, and make good our desires for the two thousand dollars (\$2,000) of our regular work, and the five hundred dollars (\$500), Twentieth Century Fund.

May each member of our Auxiliaries be found faithful to the opportunities of these few weeks.

The paper on "The Watchword of the Student Volunteer Movement" published in this

week's Pacific was prepared by a member of the Pomona College Mission Study Class, and given at the time of the Young People's missionary night in our churches, planned by our Branch, December 30th.

Much interest is felt in this Student Volunteer Watchword by the Mission Study Class, now studying Mr. Mott's book bearing that title. Mr. Mott's book may be had for 35 cents at No. 3, West Twenty-ninth street, New York.

The Universal Day of Prayer for Students, called by the General Committee of the World's Student Christian Federation for Sunday, February tenth, also makes this thought in the minds of so many students a timely one for our consideration.

Moody Bible Institute.

At the recent annual meeting of the trustees of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, W. R. Moody, elder son and successor of D. L. Moody was elected a trustee. The officers for the present year are: Vice-President, Fleming H. Revell; treasurer, E. G. Keith, President of the Metropolitan Bank of Chicago; secretary, A. P. Fitt.

The secretary reported that the year that has just elapsed, the eleventh in the life of the Institute, and the first without Mr. Moody, has been the best in every respect that the Institute has known. The number of students enrolled during 1900 was four hundred and seventy-one. They represented thirty-eight states and territories, eighteen foreign countries and forty-one religious denominations.

Fifty-one old students were missionaries in China at the outbreak of the recent troubles. Of these two were martyred, and five were in Peking during the siege.

The report of the Bible Institute Extension work showed that four teachers were engaged during 1900, who held one hundred and twelve conferences, in sixty-eight towns in eighteen states.

The Colportage Association also reported a successful year. A new number was added to the Moody Colportage Library each month. The work pushed out beyond the shores of America, and large shipments were made for sale and distribution in India, Tasmania, South America, Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines and China. The total circulation of the Colportage Library is now 3,815,148 copies.

The new year has opened with a larger enrollment of students than at the corresponding period for the past four years.

The demand for trained workers, such as evangelists and singers, and especially Bible teachers, is far beyond the available supply.

The Sunday=School.

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

The Memorial of Christ. (Matt. xxvi: 17-30.)

Lesson VII. February 17, 1901.

Intervening Events.

It is Thursday of the world's greatest week, April 6, A.D. 30, as wereckontime. Forty-eight hours have elapsed since Jesus, with his disciples, left the slope of Olivet for the hospitable homes of Bethany. Over that season of rest and holy preparation the evangelists have dropped a veil. Imagination may suggest some of its features, but of definite knowledge we have none.

During the afternoon, in response to inquiries as to his plans, he sends Peter and John into the city to make ready for the paschal supper. With divine foreknowledge and kingly authority his directions are given, and faithfully executed, "all things being found as he had said unto them." A large upper room was secured—one tradition says, from the father of the (future) evangelist, Mark. There the passover was prepared, and, as evening drew on, the company assembled.

The Last Paschal Supper.

Silence, we may imagine, prevailed, as they took their places around the tables. Hearts were too full for speech. Ordinary topics were of course excluded, and upon that which filled their thoughts they could not trust themselves to speak.

Jesus was the first to break the oppressive silence. Looking around upon these, his "little children" (John xiii: 30) with a parent's tender smile, he told them, not sadly, but with a high and holy animation, of his strong desire to eat this passover with them, before his ordeal of suffering. His words are as windows through which we look in upon the mind of Christ, and learn how truly human were all his experiences. He, too, wanted to part from friends with a smile.

Something more he may have said, and then again been absorbed in reverie. From this he was recalled by one of those too common disputes between his companions, as to their relative dignities. Distressful as it must have been, he met the occasion by one of the sublimest acts and tenderest admonitions recorded in all his gracious life. First by an object lesson, and then by its interpretation, he set before those minds, with never-to-forgotten pathos and power, the true ideal of royalty.

Was it this which, after resuming his place, rendered the presence of the unrepentant traitor so burdensome to him? Was it insupportable agony, due to knowledge that even among those intimate associates treachery

turked, which burst forth in the pathetic sentence, "One of you shall betray me"? Was it a last forlorn effort to draw back the traitor from the pit which yawned before him? All in vain. It startled his companions with horrified appeals. But Judas remained silent, until the fear of discovery brought from his lips the halting inquiry, and the Master's scathing response. After that his presence became unendurable. One word more, unintelligible save to the Master himself, and the traitor slunk from the room whose air he had polluted, and the society over which his presence had cast a pall.

With him "it was night"; but from the loving Master's heart a great load was lifted; joy regained its sway, and the meal went on. (John xiii: 31-38.)

The Christian Festival.

It was in this state of exultant, awe-filled joy that our Lord proceeded to institute this new memorial.

1. The Passover Spiritualized.

The first feature which impresses us is, that it was not new at all, in the sense of a break with the past. It was rather a continuation under high conditions, of the paschal supper; in precisely the same sense in which the whole Christian dispensation is a development of the Jewish economy. The passover was not thereby discredited, only spiritualized and made universal.

2. Centers Thought upon a Person.

In another and vital aspect, however, it was new; for whereas, in the passover the obvious reference was to things, the Christian festival is centered upon a person. The passover commemorated a deliverance and indirectly pledged protection. The new sacrament was instituted by Jesus in the words, "This do in remembrance of *Me*." The personal element, which in the earlier form had been secondary, was, in the later, the comprehensive feature. In the former he himself had been a participant; in the latter he provides the feast, but does not share in it. He had, he distinctly declares, partaken for the last time of these symbols of the true. He does not, therefore, eat and drink with the disciples in the new sacrament, but bids them see in its elements memorials of his body and his blood; i. e., of himself, their loving and self-sacrificing friend.

However, this idea of "the Lord's death" might be afterwards enlarged, its primary reference for the disciples, and perhaps for himself, was not so much doctrinal as personal. The great Christian doctrine of redemption was there in its germ, to be afterwards unfolded. Its governmental aspect, however, was implicit rather than explicit, and,

in this respect, secondary to its office of uttering our Lord's divinely human longing, and his provision for a continued remembrance by those in whose behalf he was going to the death of the cross. From these beloved comparisons he sought it, but not from these alone. Those also he had in mind who, through their word, should afterwards believe on him to life eternal (John xvii: 20). To all of these his heart went out in tender affection; them, too, he recognized as friends; and from each of them he craved a loving remembrance. We may go further and claim that this ardent desire for fellowship with redeemed men is not only characteristic, but is the crowning glory, both of Jesus and of his Father. In our familiar phrase, they are "made for each other."

Such impression, certainly, we have received from these recorded words and works of the Divine Man; from his encouragement to faithful souls to enter into—i. e., share in—the joy of their Lord; and notably from that expression in his great intercessory prayer, "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me shall be with me, where I am." The Lord's Supper we interpret, then, as being pre-eminently a memorial of *himself*—the embodied expression of his desire for an abiding remembrance in the hearts of his friends.

3. The Form of the Memorial.

Everything connected with it testifies to this fact.

(1) Its festal character is thus significant. The Lord's Supper is not so much a thing as an event, a provision for frequently recurring needs; a symbol thus of that great table which our bountiful Father is ever spreading for his children; an answer to their prayer for daily bread; a reiterated promise that so our "God will fulfill every need of ours, according to his riches in glory in Christ Jesus."

(2) The materials composing it bring this loving Friend still closer to our hearts. Bread—"the staff of life," symbol of everything which goes to build up the body; and wine—which gladdens the heart, and ministers to nervous energy. The two together thus stand for everything which contributes to health and vigor, activity and joy.

(3) Articles of common use, also, as if to emphasize the entrance of this Friend into our everyday experiences, as well as into the great exigencies of life. This memorial may thus impart to every meal a sacramental quality, and make of Jesus the companion of the humblest, and their reliance for the life that now is, as well as for that which is to come.

(4) Most tenderly suggestive, also, is the fact that these provisions become symbols of salvation, not in their natural state, but only

as subjected to painful processes—not wheat from the field, grapes from the vine, may represent the Lord Jesus; but wheat, broken and torn to pieces in the mill, and tortured by fire; grapes crushed and pressed, with juices poured out like the blood of sacrificial victims. Such is he of whom the supper speaks: “a Lamb as it had been slain,” “wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities.” God’s new covenant of merciful care was cemented in the bloody, i. e., the sacrificial, life of Jesus (cf. Lev. xvii: 11). For “He who spared not his own Son, but freely gave him up for us all, how shall he not, with him, also freely give us all things?”

(5) The truth is even deeper than this. Those symbols avail for bodily support not as spread upon the table, but only as our daily food, through the processes of eating and assimilation. Thus, in the language of the Apostle Paul, we “discern the Lord’s body,” and take to our own hearts what those symbols imply; only so does Christ dwell in us by faith, and his living energy is imparted to our souls.

4. A Social Observance.

(4) One more feature of the New Sacrament we mark, both in its institution by Jesus and in its interpretation by Paul: It is for man as a social being that the Lord’s Supper provides. Companionship is its special characteristic; with Jesus first, of course, but no less truly with fellow-disciples. Fellowship characterizes salvation, as loneliness does sin. “If we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus his Son cleanseth us from all sin.” He trod the wine-press alone, despised and rejected of men. Even his beloved disciples deserted him in his agony; but the symbol of the new order is “the tabernacle of God pitched among men,” and the joyous “marriage supper of the Lamb.”

Such is our glorious Savior and Lord; and such his chosen memorial!

“Sweet, awful hour! the only sound
One gentle footstep gliding round,
Offering by turns on Jesus’ part
The Cross to every hand and heart.

“Refresh us Lord, to hold it fast;
And when Thy veil is drawn at last,
Let us depart where shadows cease,
With words of blessing and of peace.”

Morning family worship is a strong seam well stitched on the border of the day to keep it from raveling out into contention, confusion and ungodliness. Wise is that Christian parent who hems every morning with the word of God and fervent prayer.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Confessing Christ. (Matt. x: 32-39.)

Topic for February 17th.

Progress and risk usually go together. “Nothing venture, nothing have,” may be a maxim requiring caution in its exercise, but it announces a great deal of truth, and it is specially applicable to our plans in the Christian life. The great strides which have been made in the passing years by the Christian faith have been the result of various ventures. When the Word of God was placed in the hands of the common people to be read in their own language, it was done at tremendous risks. Luther ventured far beyond the limits of safety in declaring and defending “justification by faith.” The Pilgrims were a daring lot when, for freedom of conscience, they left the settled habitations of the Old World for the risks of New England’s bleak and uncivilized regions. But in every one of these instances we and the entire world would have lost much if the ventures had not been made. * * *

This brief historic reference will happily introduce us to the heart of our topic. Advance, power, success in making our Christian lives felt among those around us, will be measured, to a large degree, by the frequency and extent of the risks we take for our Lord and his truth. Confessing Christ is one of those risks. That it is so, and that by confession he means a great deal more than some of us understand his words to convey, is seen in the way our Lord has surrounded this profound declaration regarding our confession of him “before men.” He first tells them that whatever occurs in their experience, there is no cause for fear. God cares for the sparrows, which, in such countless and useless numbers, apparently, flutter over the Palestinian hills. You are of more value than many of these birds which cloud the sky today. “The very hairs of your head are all numbered.” Then, after balancing against each other our confession or denial of him before men, and his confession or denial of us before the Father in heaven, he closes his address on this theme with those two remarkable paragraphs with which this chapter ends. Confession at any cost, seems to be the sum of it all.

* * *

There must be a great deal more at issue in this confession of Christ in our individual lives than we can see on the surface. The alternative is a fearful one. With all that Jesus has done for me, and with all his love for a human soul, and with all the assurance he has

given of patience and care and reward, something very vital and very terrible must be involved in my neglect or refusal to confess him before men, if that attitude will cause him, before our Father, to refuse to acknowledge me as one of his redeemed ones. When I see what it cost him of regret and agony to cast off from his consideration the people of Jerusalem who had rejected him, something beyond my present comprehension must be involved in my refusal to confess him openly in my day, if that will make it imperative that he bear the sorrow of denying me before all heaven.

* * *

But even if we decide to confess him, there is danger that we take a narrow view of that step. There are very few matters upon which people need light so much as upon the Christian life. They need the example and the explanation of it constantly before them. Christians cannot be like the flashlights upon our coasts, that flash out a bright light now and then for a brief interval and then are as dark for a time as if there were no light. The public union with God's people is important. But its value depends very much upon what follows. If it is but the ignition of the flame, and the life that appears before men in that conspicuous elevation blazes before their vision in one uninterrupted illumination of Christian fidelity to what Christ has taught, then joining the church is like the birth of a new star in the constellation of which Jesus is the central sun.

* * *

After all, what you and I must have, if we are to confess Christ, is a transparent life. We must live with no screens up or shades down. We must be out in the open. There must be no "occasions" when we are pious. Jesus says that "a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid." It depends upon where we are "set." We had the Galveston horror because the city was built too low. Our lives are liable to deny Christ when they are on too low levels. What light we have is out of sight. Men will not go far to discover whether we are shining for our Lord or not. If we are so modest as to be timid, or so occupied as to take no pains where our light is or how far it is sending its rays, our confession of Christ will be very feeble. Confession cannot belong to a single apartment of our lives—the Sunday room, or the prayer-meeting room, or the company room, or the room where we converse with religious people. It is the entire self, in purpose and plan, and occupation and recreation, in trial and test and triumph, the whole edifice of our being, that must confess Christ. When men know so much of us as to be confident that we will decide every question from our Lord's teaching, then Christ will be confessed on our part without strain or worry.

Home Circle.

Religion in the Home.

Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

The apostles had been preaching to the Jews only. God wanted the Gentiles, also, reached. He selected Cornelius as a non-Jew, through whose conversion he would show his purpose to the outside world, and Peter as the one from whose lips the message of grace for all men should first proceed. This message was first made known to Cornelius. Cornelius, the record is, was a "devout man and feared God with all his house." In other words, he not only feared God himself, but his whole house was taught to fear him. That is, his was a religious home; and it is about religion in the home we would like to talk a little through these pages to the readers of the "Telescope."

A first fact is, that the religion of the family is the most primitive and ideal. The family is the radical and fundamental organization and agency in human society. Church and state are dependent upon it for their existence and for whatever makes them beneficial to the world. It is the original source of authority, government, morality, and religion. There the church was organized. There human government was instituted. There marriage was divinely solemnized. Without family ties, family government and discipline, family virtue and piety, the church could not exist, and society would quickly relapse into anarchy and barbarism, and fall to pieces. Is it any wonder then, that God guards the family sanctity and life with such jealous care and lays upon marital and parental relations such solemn sanctions and obligations? Is it any wonder, either, that good people mourn at any attack upon family life or are alarmed when seeing any sign of looseness or decay in family religion.

Again, family religion has been peculiarly approved and blessed of God. It is a remarkable fact that most men eminent in life had, in childhood, a religious home. Bishop Haven, after careful investigation says: "Three-fourths of the most prominent scientists, authors, and merchants are not more than two generations removed from the manse. They are either sons or grandsons of ministers." A French author has collected similar statistics. If you were to have read to you a list of the sons of clergymen who have attained honorable distinction, you would be surprised to find how near to religious homes are the eminent men of the modern world. There are three good reasons why this is so; one is that such homes have the blessing of God upon them; another is that the atmosphere of a religious home is best suited to the formation of

character; a third is that the religious home is best suited to highest development of mind. And these three things are the greatest sources of success in the world.

Take the one matter of family worship. Few realize what an educating influence it has, the daily pause and perusal of the best Book in the world; what a sin-detering influence it has, the frequent facing toward God and duty and seeing ourselves in the light of God's countenance; what a harmonizing influence it has, knitting up the little breaks in family concord or affection daily at the altar of prayer; and also the spiritualizing, fortifying, energizing influence that flows out from this time-honored, God-honored institution.

The influence of a religious home in childhood will almost surely assert itself, in some way, in after years. No matter how wayward some of the children may be, they can never quite forget the old home wherein was a praying father and mother. The morning prayer and evening hymn linger in the halls of memory, and are sure to bring forth good results in the life.

At the time of the 1876 Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, the commission was called upon to decide whether the exhibition should be open on Sunday or not. One member from the far West, but whose childhood home had been in the East, said: "For years I have been far away out on the frontier, where there is no Sunday. But though having thus lived on the frontier, now that this question has come up, my thoughts go back to the old home where there was a praying father and mother and a Christian Sabbath. I move that the exhibition be not open on Sunday." That speech from a man who had lived where there was no Sabbath is said to have greatly moved the members of the commission, and the gates were closed on the Lord's Day! That man's father and mother were in their graves, for years he had lived where there was no Sabbath, but this influence of a religious home in childhood still held over his heart magic power.

The fact that early influences are so strong might well suggest a caution to many parents and others as to the possible results for evil that may flow from wrong conduct and teaching in the home.

"You don't suppose that Uncle Sam will ever miss a two-cent stamp, do you?" said a father, as he began to take from a letter received a stamp that had failed of being cancelled at the post-office.

A little boy wrote to his uncle that he had saved a dollar and was going to put it in a savings bank. The boy made figures to represent the money, and the uncle read it ten dol-

lars. The uncle was of a thrifty disposition, approving of boys' saving their pennies and dimes, so he wrote to the little boy's mother that since her son had ten dollars to put in the bank, he would send ten more to add to the sum for a snug nest-egg. "But I didn't write ten dollars," said the boy to his mother. "Uncle made a mistake in the figures." "Well, never mind now," replied the mother; "Uncle Robert has plenty of money, and he can spare ten dollars as well as not, so we need not say anything about the mistake when we write."

A lady took a guest on a suburban train to a friend's home to tea. At the station she bought no tickets. No fare was paid on the car. On returning home, the guest remarked the fact. "Oh, the conductor does not call for our tickets half the time on these short trips," replied the lady. "When he does, we just pass him the change, and when not, we save our fare." "But I would rather pay my fare than save it in that way," said the visitor. "Oh, well, if the conductors do not have time to take up the tickets, that is their lookout, not ours," was the careless rejoinder; "besides we go so often that we ought to have some rides free."

Each of these incidents and conversations happened in the presence of children. Thus, in a thousand trifling ways, are petty deceits, peccadillos, practiced by people who would scorn to be thought dishonest, and who never seem to think what their influence may be in the family and among those with whom they have business relations. Is it any wonder that from such lessons heard in the home circle, larger defalcations come, that the love of greed is made subservient to better ends? While recognizing the good influence of a good home life, let us not fail to recognize the evil influences of a bad home life, even when the badness does not go beyond so-called little things. There may be explanation here, also, of some of the downfalls of those who have come from thought-to-be Christian homes. We are to have religion in the home, but let us make sure that it is the genuine thing, pure and undefiled.

It may take courage to have religion in the home. Indeed, it usually does. It has been told of Judge McLean, of Ohio, that he was converted when on a visit away from home. The evening of his return, he told his wife and family at the supper table of the change he had experienced, and at the close suggested that they go into the next room and have family worship. In that room were a number of lawyers waiting to consult the judge. The wife offered their presence as an objection, and suggested that they go to a more retired

part of the house. "No," said the judge, "the Lord has been crowded out of every part of my house for years, and now he shall have the best room we have; besides, there are some lawyers who would not be injured by attending prayers." He went into the parlor, told the lawyers he had been converted, that he was going to have family prayers, and would be glad to have them remain, but that if they desired not to do so, they would be excused. They all remained, and the strong stand for Christ did the judge good, his family good, and the lawyers good. It was a good beginning for a life of out-and-out service for Christ. It took courage for the judge to do what he did—as much courage as for many a soldier in battle to walk right up to the mouths of hotly-firing cannon.

We heard Dr. John G. Paton, the veteran missionary to the New Hebrides, say, the other day, that among the thousands of Christian homes among these converted cannibals, there is not one that does not have daily family prayer. They put to shame many much more highly favored church members in this country.

Religion in the home is to be introduced and maintained in a wise and winsome way, but however much courage it may take, and it will take courage, it is to be introduced and steadily, faithfully maintained.

To secure religion in the home, parents should not hesitate to use a good degree of authority in their households. A boy did not want to go to church, but his Christian father kindly but firmly insisted that he should. The father said, "As long as my boy sits at my table he must sit in my pew." The father is now in his grave, but the son to-day sits in his father's pew, and is a main supporter of that church. That father's rule is a good one, "As long as my boy sits at my table he must sit in my pew." As long as our children are at home with us we should use the authority God gives us to guide in the matter of their religious training and habits.

In every community there are throngs of children who are suffering from lack of this parental care and assertion of authority. If they feel like going to church or Sunday-school, they go; if not, they stay at home, or roam the fields, or stray in the streets. No parental authority is used to secure their religious training, either in the home or outside of it. This neglect is a sin for which the parents must answer at the bar of God. It is one from which they are likely to reap the bitter results, both here and hereafter.

At a religious meeting in New York, a speaker asked, "Where are our young men to-night?" The next speaker was a chaplain of

the State prison, and began his address by saying: "I can tell you where our young men are. I preached to 400 of them in the penitentiary last night." That far too many from Christian homes are there is sadly true, but this also is true, that a proper exercise of parental authority in many homes might have greatly reduced that list.

The plea we would make is a very earnest one for more religion in the home—for more true Christian homes. Some writer has said, "France builds theaters and palaces, Italy builds churches and convents, but America builds homes." The civilization of these countries attests the truth of the remark. Our prayer is that our beloved America may be known throughout the world, becoming truly worthy of such high praise, as the land of Christian homes. Let each family do its part to bring about so desirable a condition, and the consummation so devoutly to be desired will not long be delayed. Whatever strengthens and ennobles the home strengthens and ennobles the republic.—Religious Telescope.

Our Boys and Girls.

The Story of a Fossil.

Once upon a time, long ago, there was a dear little fern growing in the woods. It first crept out of the ground a wee, tender thing, rolled in a pale green spiral, which opened day by day until Little Fern stood up and faced a beautiful world. Warmed by the sun, fed by the rain, it grew—dainty and fair as those you and I love to gather in the woods. But no eager hand reached down to pluck Little Fern, for in all the great lovely earth there were no people to enjoy its beauty. The sighing of the wind in the trees, the music of a brook near by were the only sounds to be heard.

One day a great storm came. Louder and louder blew the wind through the tree tops. Day after day the rain fell, wider and wider grew the little brook. Could this raging, roaring torrent have been the sweet musician of the forest but a week ago? At last the rushing waters came so near that frail Little Fern was caught by the stream and whirled away.

Over and over, round and round, down to the bottom, up to the top—not a moment's rest for Little Fern! Flung against stones, hurled among floating branches, tossed amid leaves and twigs, bruised by sand and gravel; for the brook in its haste carried along everything in its reach. For days Little Fern was borne swiftly on until they came to the quiet waters of a lake. Then, together with the leaves and sand and gravel, Little Fern sank to the bottom.

Every day the stream brought more sand and gravel, and they were buried deeper and deeper; and it seemed quite certain the sun would never shine upon Little Fern. Year after year, hundreds and hundreds of years passed, and Little Fern was buried under many feet of earth. Gradually the tiny fern, once so fragile that a baby's hand might easily have crushed it, became harder, until it turned to stone. The sand and gravel, too, became solid rock.

You must remember that by this time they were pressed under tons and tons of earth. Great forest trees had been added to the weight over them; for while Little Fern was quietly sleeping, wonderful things had happened in the bright world outside. Where the lake had been, a wider marsh appeared; then a forest. But even ground in which they grew sank lower, lower; and the forest became covered with water.

And so change after change came, until again the surface far above Little Fern was covered with dense forests. The world was no longer silent. Fleet-footed deer sped through the trees, chased by the arrows of the Indians, and the air was filled with the song of birds. The woods were full of life.

Then came the white man with his ax, felling the trees, building houses and towns, digging far into the earth for the wealth hidden below. Down, down, deep in the mines went the brave miners, searching for the coal that long years ago had been forest trees and beautiful plants.

There came a day when the "clang! clang!" of the pickax reached the quiet resting-place of Little Fern. Nearer and nearer drew the sounds, until finally there was a burst of light, a blow from a tool that shattered the surrounding rocks; and Little Fern fell at the feet of a man. Such a cold, stiff, little fern, all made of stone! The pretty green color was gone, but the leaves were there, and even the veins, just as they had been thousands of years before, when Little Fern was fresh and young.

"Look here, Harry," said the miner, picking up the piece of stone and handing it to his companion, "your little boy will be interested in this fossil."

So once more the bright sun shone upon Little Fern, as it was carried to the miner's home. Loving fingers touched the shining, dark leaves, and bright eyes gazed in wonder as the story of Little Fern was told to the children. After its calm, happy life in the woods, after its long, perilous journey, after being shut away from the day and night for ages, Little Fern has now become a household treasure.—Primary Education.

The Little Square Clock.

The china dog on the table sat,
And the ivory elephant round and fat,
And the crystal cat, and the little square clock—
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock!

Down came a fairy so dear and sweet,
Golden-gowned to the tips of her feet;
No taller she was than a light, soft quill,
And she asked them to wish, as *fairies* will.

Loud rose the dog's beseeching wail:
"I have lost my tail, I have lost my tail!"
O Fairy free, if thy power be true,
Give me a new, give me a new!"

Up spake the elephant, spirit-sunk:
"I have cracked my trunk, I have cracked my trunk!"
O Fairy free, if thy power be true,
Give me a new, give me a new!"

Quoth the crystal cat: "I much rejoice!
For I've lost my voice, I've lost my voice!"
O Fairy free, if thy power be true,
Give me a m-e-w, give me a m-e-w!"

The fairy's wand had a wondrous quirk;
Each gift came forth and began its work.
And then she saw—and she turned quite red—
She'd forgotten the little square clock, that said:

"My corners have never a crick or crack,
My hands are whole, and I haven't a lack.
O Fairy free, dost bid me choose?
Give me, oh, give me *something to lose!*"

The crystal cat mewed a silent mew;
The dog and the elephant wondered, too.
The fairy nodded a nod sublime,
And flourished her wand, and gave it *time*.

She gave it time, since when the grace
Of satisfaction is on its face,
And all day long, all night, 't will sit,
Losing and losing and losing it.

—Agnes Lee, in January St. Nicholas.

The question of fatigue caused to the eyes by various kinds of artificial lights has recently been taken up and studied at some length by a Russian Government expert. He says that the involuntary closing of the eye—winking—is a sign of weariness. Using surfaces illuminated by various lights he counted the involuntary movements of the eyelid, his results being that when candlelight was used the eyes were closed 6.8 times a minute; with gas-light, winking occurred 2.8 times a minute; with sunlight, the eyes closed 2.2 times; and with electric light only 1.8 times. From these facts he draws the conclusion, which seems to be corroborated by other observations, that the electric light is the least injurious to the eyesight of all varieties of artificial illuminants. Whether his relative figures of eye fatigue are of value or not, they are, at least, interesting and probably represent a fair approximation to the facts.

Church News.

Northern California.

Fields Landing.—At the last communion service one person was welcomed into fellowship.

San Francisco Bethany.—Bethany church observed the Lord's Supper last Sunday. Five persons were received to membership—two on confession and three by letter.

Benicia.—Five were received into the church last Sunday—two of them on confession of faith. Both the Sunday-school and the Christian Endeavor Society are improving in numbers and character.

San Mateo.—Communion service was held Sunday; four persons were received to membership. In the evening the C. E. Society took charge of the service celebrating the twentieth birthday of the Parent Society.

San Francisco Third.—Sunday morning fourteen were admitted to church membership, ten on confession of faith. In the evening a notable service was conducted by Colonel French, the new Pacific Coast commander of the Salvation army.

Wyandotte.—The Wyandotte church is holding revival meetings with encouraging indications. Eight persons arose for prayer on last evening. The grant from the C. C. B. S. of \$250 has been received and the members feel relieved of a heavy burden.

San Francisco Park.—The work is progressing very encouragingly. Congregations are of good size. Two persons were received to membership last Sunday. The Christian Endeavor anniversary was observed Sunday evening, Prof. R. R. Lloyd gave an address.

Oakland Pilgrim.—Eight persons were welcomed into fellowship Sunday, four on confession of faith. Among these were two daughters and a granddaughter of the Rev. Frederick Buell, for many years until his death the representative in California of the American Bible Society.

Soquel.—The church held its annual business meeting on Wednesday evening, January 31st. From the reports given from the various committees and officers it was clearly seen that the church is in a good spiritual condition as well as financial, ten persons having united under the ministrations of Rev. G. H. Wilbur during the past year, and a call was extended to him to serve as pastor of the church indefinitely. The present membership of the church is one hundred and nineteen.

Oakland First.—There were eight accessions Sunday on confession of faith and nine by letter. During the year 1900 twenty-two were received from the Sunday-school into church membership. At the last meeting of the Ladies' Missionary Society a very interesting paper was read by Mrs. Wight of Honolulu concerning the work among the lepers. Mrs. Wight is a granddaughter of Captain Judd, who was one of the pioneer missionaries to Hawaii. The church by recent contributions has made its three pastors, Drs. Moor and McLean and C. R. Brown, life members of the Church Extension Society.

Niles.—The annual meeting of the church was held on Thursday evening, January 31st. A bountiful dinner was served by the Ladies' Guild at six o'clock, after which the roll was called, the reports of the year were read and the officers were elected. The benevolent gifts of the church were the largest in its history—\$217. The Home Department has been added to the work of the Sunday-school during the year. The Junior Society is doing most excellent work under its new superintendent, Mrs. Marion Mowry. A winter lecture course is in progress, and lectures by Rev. W. W. Madge, Rev. Dr. Geo. C. Adams, and the pastor, Rev. Edson D. Hale, have been given thus far, with one concert. The course has been greatly enjoyed and has brought into the incidental fund a profit of \$32. Two members were added by letter at the February communion.

Pacific Grove.—Mayflower church held its annual meeting and roll-call recently. Each department treasurer reported a small balance on hand. The Ladies' Aid reported \$141.24 received during the year, and \$124.54 expended. As the work of the year was surveyed the feeling was that the church had reason to thank God and take courage. Among the members of this church is Mrs. Hannah Goldsmith, a California pioneer, a charter member of the Grass Valley church, and who at nearly ninety years of age, is in attendance nearly every Sunday at Sunday-school and morning preaching service. In every way her beautiful life in the church and community is an inspiration to right living. Last Sunday the church had a delightful fellowship and communion service. The pastor, Rev. O. W. Lucas, had the pleasure of welcoming three persons into membership on confession and four by letter.

Grass Valley.—On January 27th our pastor very ably presented the cause of the American Missionary Association, and showed very clearly the noble work this Association is do-

ing for the uplifting of the colored and white people of the South. In the evening memorial services were held in memory of England's noble Queen. Rev. B. Dent Naylor delivered a fine eulogy on the departed monarch, laying emphasis on the fact that back of all her greatness lay her truly Christian character. Miss Lucile Moore recited very beautifully Tennyson's "Tribute to His Queen." The choir rendered beautiful and appropriate music. The church was so crowded that many had to be turned away. On February 3d, the twentieth anniversary of Christian Endeavor was observed. Papers were read by the President, Miss Bennallack, on "Decision for Christ," and by Mrs. Naylor, superintendent of Junior Society, on "The Foundation of the Y. P. S. C. E." The pastor spoke on the Twentieth Century Christian Endeavor. Songs, solos and duets by members of the society made a very interesting service. We all felt that Endeavor work in this place is taking a forward movement.

Santa Cruz.—Last Tuesday our ladies held a notable meeting on missions. Rev. Mr. Gardner, who is one of the American Board missionaries to China, home just now on a visit, was the leader. He is a fine one. The comments of a live missionary gave zest to the service. The special subject was "A Century of Missions." Three very fine papers were read on "Mission Literature," "A Century of Organization," and "The Open Doors of a Century of Missions." Our church was greatly and pleasantly stirred on Wednesday last by the marriage in the church of one of our faithful girls. The audience room was beautifully decorated by the bride's young friends in the church and congregation. Such pleasant occurrences make the union between the Home and the Church both closer and stronger, as it ought to be. Sunday was the twentieth anniversary of the birthday of Christian Endeavor in the world. We gave the evening service to it in our church. A fine congregation assembled and listened to the rendering of a splendid program. The spirit of the meeting sent us away thanking God for what had come to us through twenty years of Endeavor, and with strong assurance of better things in the future. The same service was the fourteenth anniversary of our own local Endeavor Society.

Southern California.

Los Angeles Park.—Pastor Hendry has followed up the evangelistic work of Rev. J. S. Ledford by another series of meetings in which he has been assisted by Rev. J. J. Danks. As many as fifty, it is said, have at

different meetings come forward signifying their desire or purpose to enter upon the Christian life.

Lemon Grove.—This beautiful suburb of San Diego has a congregational church—the only church in the place. It is now under the efficient guidance of Rev. A. E. Bradstreet, its pastor, building a parsonage to cost \$700, \$500 of which is raised in the place. Pastor Bradstreet ministers to the church in Spring Valley also and both churches are prospering under his care.

Los Angeles First.—Sunday, February 3d, was a delightful day for the First church of Los Angeles. Notwithstanding the rain, a large congregation was present in the morning when Rev. Dr. Warren F. Day preached on "The Man for Whom the World Waits." At the twilight communion another large company was gathered. The fact was recalled that in the nearly twenty years during which Dr. Day has conducted these twilight communions in three different churches of which he has been pastor, no communion has been seriously affected by the weather, though on one occasion a shower fell at the close. On last Sunday, thirty-nine were received, nine on confession. The proportion of young men was unusually large. The number of mothers who came with a son was a marked feature on this occasion. The lecture room was crowded at the close of the communion by the Christian Endeavorers with their friends, who celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the Endeavor movement. This meeting was conducted by the junior pastor, Rev. William Horace Day. On Friday, February 1st, the women of this church gave a twentieth century social, with decorations and menu to correspond. Two hundred and twenty-five were served.

Washington.

Pullman.—The annual meeting was held January 31st. A large number of members were present. The reports were of a most encouraging nature throughout. All expenses had been met and a number of old debts paid. Benevolences totaled \$100. Forty-two were received into membership—twenty-one on confession, two on Wayside Covenant, and nineteen by letter. The present membership is 142, of whom eighteen are absent. The pastor's salary was increased to \$1,200 and parsonage. Congregations both morning and evening tax the large building to its capacity.

"More noble souls have been smothered in luxury than were ever killed by hunger."—Froude.

Notes and Personals.

Rev. W. H. Scudder has accepted a call to the pastorate of Park church, Berkeley.

Mr. G. W. Dickie, manger of the Union Iron Works, will read a paper at the next meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity.

Miss Lucy E. Case of our mission in Japan reaches Southern California this week from the East, and returns to her field in Japan on the steamer of March 7th.

Miss Julia E. Dudley, for twenty-eight years a faithful missionary of our Board in Japan, arrived on Saturday last, and after a brief stay here will go to Southern California and then to Dakota.

One thousand dollars were pledged on a recent Sunday for the remodeling of the Congregational church building at Oroville. The expense will exceed that amount and more is to be raised.

Rev. William Horace Day gave the address on the Day of Prayer for Colleges at Pomona College, Claremont. The religious interest and character in this institution never were more hopeful than at the present time. Pastor Kingman is the right man in the right place.

The February meeting of the young ladies' branch of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held at the First church, Oakland, Saturday, February ninth. It is to be an all-day meeting with a basket lunch at noon. The two meetings will be full of interest and it is hoped that a large number will be present from all the auxiliaries.

Reports from the Sacramento church indicate much hopefulness and progress. The Sunday-school is growing under the efficient leadership of Superintendent Waters. The Christian Endeavor Society is well attended and the whole church is prospering under the wise leadership of Dr. Dickenson. Not a few are hoping that he may be persuaded to remain as permanent pastor.

A Happy Washington Church.

"If it were not for us they could never have had this love-feast tonight," said a happy-faced lady—who must not be further identified, lest all the Pacific Coast should recognize her—to another smiling member of the committee, appointed a year ago to select a pastor for the First Congregational church of Tacoma. The reference was to the fact that they two had refused, as a precautionary measure,

to consent to the calling of any pastor for more than one year, and the call afterward extended to Rev. Edward T. Ford had therefore been thus restricted. The occasion of the remark was a meeting of most unusual and happy character, held in the parlors of that church on Thursday evening, January 24th.

It had been announced as the annual supper to be followed first by the regular monthly business meeting and later to be turned into an occasion of social reunion. The program proceeded uneventfully until the pastor, as moderator, asked "Is there any further business?" when the person to whom was afterwards addressed the initial remark in this report, rose and said "Confession is said to be good for the soul, but I think it should always be followed by reparation." Instantly every eye was fastened on the speaker, who proceeded amid profound silence, to say that he had favored the year limit in the call to our pastor eight months ago, and he wished then to offer, and thereupon did offer, a preamble and resolution, reciting that "scarcely had Mr. Ford come among us ere we were aware that our precautions had been unnecessary, and that our anxiety to remove the time limit has constantly increased as the pastor we called has quickly grown into our hearts and lives as our beloved pastor," and resolving "that said time limit be stricken from the call in form, as it has long been in fact," that "we most earnestly invite our pastor to be installed," and that his salary be increased by the sum of five hundred dollars at the beginning of his second year. By this time the excitement of the audience, though suppressed, was intense, and when the speaker moved the adoption of the resolutions, more than half a dozen rose in quick succession and seconded the motion in short, fitting speeches, instinct with enthusiasm.

While one of them was speaking, his seven-year old grandson—whose admiration for that parent, once removed, ought to make his father jealous—sat in a distant part of the room in an attitude of wide-eyed, rapt attention, listening to his grandfather's vigorous diction. In the midst of the speech he was overheard saying to himself, "My, but that's peachy!"

When the mover of the resolutions put the question, he asked for a rising vote, and the whole audience went to their feet with a bound as if each one were saying, "I wish I were twelve feet high." On the instant a hand touched the keys and a voice rose in song, "Blest be the tie that binds," and ere three words had been uttered the whole audience, as with a single impulse, caught up the strain with the fervor of joyous hearts.

And then the pastor rose to speak, but his voice was low and emotion was near to mastery. There were many dewy eyes among the women, and the men looked stern and sought defects in the ceiling.

But the tension ceased with the formal meeting, and if ever there were more joyous faces in one room, with never an exception to mar the harmony, then the writer was not there. In the midst of the rejoicing, a wee boy with the sweetest expression came shyly to Mr. Ford's side, reached up his little hand and said, "I'm so glad you're going to stay," and in an instant was in the pastor's arms—beautiful picture for a closing scene.

Acorns from Three Oaks.

Aloha.

Very much as Mrs. Charlotte Van Cleve's sweet fame for usefulness centers at Minneapolis and pervades the whole northwest, does Sister Varteni's fill Aintab and pervade Armenia. The former has passed her beautiful four score, the latter has passed her hundred years of earth and spends the new century in heaven. When I was privileged to address two thousand souls in Aintab in one great missionary meeting and see a Sunday-school of sixteen hundred, this ripe saint of five decades of Christian experience was there to greet me. A Dorcas, an Armenian Van Cleve, a sweet mother in Israel, the whole community revered her. She could read letters, but was never taught to write. Yet, loving pens were ever ready to scatter her wise messages through all the mission field, and many there are who value these epistles now that the whole Christian community have conveyed her to her burial.

The courage with which such a saint faced cruel persecutors, the tact with which she led bright boys toward the ministry, the wisdom by which she saved Armenian maids from the snares of the Mahomedans and housed them until they found Christian homes of their own, read like miracles. Here is a simple little missionary story to enrich our missionary shelves. Miss Myra A. Proctor has written it attractively and Frank Wood of Boston has printed it. I will try to find its price and report through *The Pacific*. Why might we not find such books on sale at Brother Frear's rooms in Y. M. C. A. Building. If we are to have a great missionary century we must fill our libraries with missionary literature.

Paso Robles Church.

I think the Paso Robles church has proved its claim to our support and assistance and Pastor Reid hath wrought valiantly. The

heavens have shed rain on that thirsty valley. May the spiritual rain follow richly. Let it strengthen the faith of any hesitant ones that Brother Holbrook has visited the church and paid his large subscription with alacrity. Brother Belt's family have also sent us the money for the memorial windows. Yet is there a little gap to be filled up before the pledge of the Church Building Society can be forthcoming. Do not ask these busy feet to your door to remind you of your subscription. Our Brother Reid is taxed with long rides and wide labors in the county, as well as cares of architect and builder at home. "He gives twice who gives quickly." As usual a live Congregational church has quickened and refreshed the other churches in the place. They are improving their edifices. Beecher well said, "The churches of an ordinarily well-churched town can afford to help a Congregational church to stir them up." It is quite significant of the church's attitude and standing that while Pastor Reid comes away for one Sunday for a change of scene, Brother Hunter, once a slave, now the pastor of our M. E. church, stands in the pulpit for Brother Reid. Let us all take new hope, heart and help for Paso Robles, "In His Name!"

Moonlight Prayer-meeting.

Ask Pastor Cross of Saratoga about it. A monthly moonlight meeting crowded is better than a weak weekly meeting, where many other meetings occupy the praying saints. No patent on it. "Ye are called unto liberty."

Magazines.

The February Century is a fiction number. But there is a large amount of other interesting matter, such as the articles on "The Humor and Pathos of the Savings Bank," "The Steel Industry in America," and "Is Sentiment Declining?" Under the heading "A Remarkable American," there is a highly interesting biographical sketch of the late Dr. William Pepper.

The World's Work for February has among its leading articles sketches of Cecil Rhodes and General Kitchener. "The Great Empire by the Lakes" sets forth the development that has taken place in the great lake region of our country during recent years, making it the industrial center of the world. Many more articles of interest and value make this magazine for the month the most prized of any that has come to our notice. Although only four months old World's Work has made for itself a large place in the hearts of readers. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co. New York. \$3 a year.

The special features of the February number of the Review of Reviews are the editorial comments on the death of Queen Victoria and the accession of Albert Edward (illustrated from recent photographs); a series of Lincoln cartoons, reproduced from contemporary publications; an illustrated character sketch of the late Philip D. Armour, the millionaire philanthropist of Chicago, by the Rev. Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus; an account of the decorative sculpture at the Pan-American Exposition (also illustrated), by Mr. Edward Hale Brush; a review of "Two Decades of Christian Endeavor," by Mr. Amos R. Wells, with photographs of representative leaders in the movement in various parts of the world: "Washington and Lincoln: a Comparative Study," by Lyman P. Powell.

Cleveland Moffett's account of the life of the diver is eclipsed in interest by the second of his St. Nicholas papers on "Careers of Danger and Daring." His subject in the February number is "The Steeple-Climber," and it is based chiefly on an interview with "Steeple Bob," a young man who thinks no more of getting to the top of Trinity or St. Paul's steeple in New York than a boy does of climbing a fence or mounting a bicycle, though on at least two occasions only the presence of his wife has saved him from a fatal fall. Boys will enjoy also the papers on "Dog Teams and Sledges in Michigan," by Edward F. Watrous, and "The Toots of a Whistle," by Isaac W. Taber, explaining the language of tugboats and other steam craft. Hudson Moore describes what is to be seen of the old tilting field at Ashby-de-la-Zouche, where Ivanhoe jousted, eight centuries ago.

A Giant Industry.

According to Prof. R. H. Thurston, who writes of "The Steel Industry of America" in the February Century, Sir Henry Bessemer's invention has added more to the world's wealth than any other save the steam-engine. The following figures give an idea of the extent of the production of steel throughout the world:

The world's product of Bessemer steel in 1892 would have made a colonnade of pillars 20 feet in diameter and 100 feet high, 1,672 in number, extending over three miles, 836 on each hand, or a single row over six miles long. Every working day in that year there was produced the equivalent of between five and six such columns, and a day's work resulted in the output of nearly as much as was the total annual product of the great city of Sheffield at the time of Bessemer's invention.

The annual production of Bessemer steel was, in another comparison, shown to be the equivalent of a column 100 feet in diameter, the size of a moderately large gas-holder, and 6,684 feet 6 inches high—a mile and a third. This would be sixteen and a half times as high as the cross on the dome of St. Paul's in London. One twelfth of its altitude would measure the production of a single month and would rise to above the height of the Washington monument. A single hour would yield a pillar of steel 9 feet in diameter and about 140 feet high, the altitude of a tall church steeple. The work of a year would construct a steel wall 5 feet in thickness, 20 feet high, and 100 miles long, which would be enough to inclose an area of about 800 square miles, $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles in diameter, sufficient to inclose London and its suburbs in a circle radiating over 30 miles from St. Paul's or the Bank. The foundation of the wall itself would occupy 60 acres.

The United States enters the new century with just about this total production of steel.

Notice.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—In the Matter of the Application of "Bethlehem Congregational Church," a religious corporation, for permission to mortgage real estate.

The "Bethlehem Congregational Church," a benevolent corporation, having filed in this Court its petition for permission to mortgage a certain piece of real property, situated in the city and county of San Francisco, which is bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Vermont street, distant thereon two hundred and fifty (250) feet northerly from the northerly line of Yolo street; thence northerly along said line of Vermont street, fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles southerly fifty (50) feet; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement; being part of Potrero Block number one hundred (100).

It is hereby ordered that said petition be heard in Department No. One of this Court, in the Court Room thereof, in the New City Hall, San Francisco, on the 8th day of February, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock A. M., of said day; and that a copy of this order be published for two (2) consecutive insertions in The Pacific, a newspaper printed and published weekly in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated January 25, 1901.

F. H. DUNNE, Judge.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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PRAYER.

Prayer is not a simple petition. It is largely that, to be sure, but it is more. It is a means of drawing nearer to him. It enables the believer to become familiar with God.

The little child does not simply ask his father for gifts. He communicates his ideas to him; he speaks of his childish hopes and sorrows and joys. And the father does not say only, I will grant this or withhold that. He talks with his child of various things; he lifts up the child's ideas by the power of his own. Child and father hold communion—become intimate.

So it may be, so it ought to be, with the child of God. In proportion to one's ripeness of Christian experience is his desire for this communion and fellowship. The devout soul echoes the psalmist's words: "My soul thirsteth for God; my heart and my flesh cry out for the living God."

This communion, moreover, increases one's ripeness of Christian experience. There is no better method of growth in grace than the habit of constant communing with the Father of spirits. It is the secret of progressing heavenward. It explains the difference in the rate of advance of Christians. One halts along; another runs. One is of comparatively little use in effort; another is abundant in every good word and work. The reason is, one is content with simply offering few and feeble petitions; the other holds communion with God, pouring out his soul before him, and there comes to him an elevation of spirit, a heavenliness of mind, that makes him joy-

ous and strong and effective. In numberless instances has the promise been fulfilled—they that wait upon the Lord renew their strength; they mount up with wings as eagles; they run, and are not

faint.—American Messenger
weary; they walk, and d

THE LESSON OF THE VINE

Of all trees, I observe, God has chosen the vine, a low plant that creeps upon the helpfulness of all beasts, the soft and gentle lamb; of all fowls, the most guileless dove. * * * God appeared to Moses it was in the lofty cedar, nor in the oak, nor the spreading plane in a bush—a humble, silent, unobtrusive shrub; as if he would by its example teach the conceited and arrogant of man.

Praised by a Preacher

From the Era Headlight, Grand Junction, Iowa.

No higher praise can be given Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People than the many voluntary testimonials from ministers of the gospel which have come from all parts of the country and which have more than supported all the claims made for this excellent medicine.

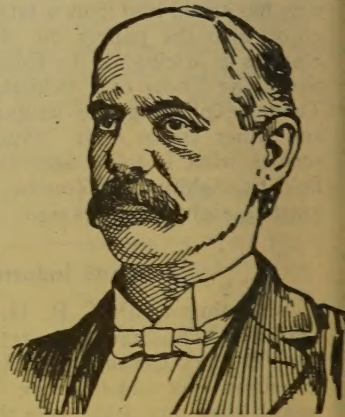
The most recent indorsement is that coming from Rev. Enoch Hill, pastor of the M. E. Church of Grand Junction, Iowa, who says:

"I am a firm believer in the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, the remedy having been used in my family with highly gratifying results. For three or four years I was a sufferer from general debility. I seemed to be lacking in vitality, was tired out most of the time and sleep gave me no rest or refreshment. I was troubled with headache much of the time and although I was not confined to my bed, my illness incapacitated me for energetic work in my pastorate.

"A sister-in-law living in Nebraska, who had suffered very much and who has used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with good results, recommended them to me and I decided to try them. I had taken but two or three doses of the pills when I found that they were helping me and further use of the remedy brought such relief that I am glad to offer this public recommendation of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in the interest of suffering humanity.

REV. ENOCH HILL.

At all druggists or direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., 50c. per box; six boxes \$2.50.



I am a firm believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

ENOCH HILL,

Pastor M. E. Church, Grand Junction, Iowa.

ignorant-man who knows
th to keep silent is not as ig-
nt as he might be.

ood tells." But we rarely recog-
the fact except in times of stress
rain. A horse which looks like a
"may beat another horse which
the ideal of a racer, just by that
quality of good blood. Similarly
who seem in the pink of condition
down under the racing strain of
ss. Why? Blood tells. Men
ed perfectly healthy start out for



business, they
make a run
for the train,
and collapse.
"Heart fail-
ure" they
call it. Blood
failure would
be often the
better name.

care of the blood and the body
ke care of itself. It is the blood
builds the body. The blood in-
s the body. A sound body must
ed on sound blood.
one of the peculiar properties of
erce's Golden Medical Discovery
eliminates from the blood the ef-
d poisonous matter which is antag-
to health. It also gives to the
those elements which are necessary
strength and vitality. Thus by
e of "Golden Medical Discovery"
of blood and power of body have
tained by thousands of sickly and
ous men and women.

other medicine purifies the blood
uilds the body as does the "Dis-
." Accept no substitute.

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of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discover-
rites Miss Annie Wells, of Ferguson's
Isle of Wight Co., Va. "I can say hon-
dly that it is the grandest medi-
er compounded for purifying the blood.
ed terribly with rheumatism, and pimples
skin and swelling in my knees and feet
I could not walk. I spent about twenty
paying doctors' bills but received no be-
A year or two ago I was reading one of
emorandum Books and I decided to try
ce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Fa-
rescription,' and am entirely cured."

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to the requirements of woman's
se system. They regulate the
ch, liver and bowels.

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THE OATH.

It may be of some interest to
read the oath taken by the Prince
of Wales, who is now King of Eng-
land, under the title of Edward
VII. The Prince took the oath as
follows:

Lord Chancellor—Is Your Maj-
esty willing to take the oath?

The King—I am.

Lord Chancellor—Will you sol-
emnly promise and swear to gov-
ern the people of this United King-
dom of Great Britain and Ireland
and the dominions thereto belong-
ing, according to the statutes in
Parliament agreed on and the re-
spective laws and customs of the
same?

The King—I solemnly promise
so to do.

Lord Chancellor—Will you to
the utmost of your power cause
law and justice in mercy to be ex-
ecuted in all your judgments?

The King—I will.

Lord Chancellor—Will you to
utmost of your power maintain the
laws of God, the true profession of
the gospel and the Protestant Re-
formed religion established by law,
and will you maintain and preserve
inviolably the settlement of the
United Church of England and Ire-
land and the territories thereunto
belonging, and will you preserve
unto the Bishops and clergy of Eng-
land and Ireland and to the church-
es there committed to their charge
all such rights and privileges as
by law do or shall appertain to
them or any of them?

The King—All this I promise to
do.

The news was sent then to all
parts of the kingdom.

Let the ground of all thy relig-
ious actions be obedience. Exam-
ine not why it is commanded, but
observe it because it is command-
ed. True obedience neither procrast-
inates nor questions.—[Quarles.

All people are born ignorant,
and a lot of them never outgrow it.

Have you Eaten too Much?
Take Horsforc's Acid Phosphate.

If your dinner distresses you, half a tea-
spoon in half a glass of water gives quick
relief.

An evangelist of large experi-
ence said: "One of my least suc-
cessful series of meetings was held
in a Western town just as it was
having a period of great prosper-
ity. The business men were buy-
ing and selling corner lots, and
could not come to meeting. Every-
one was so absorbed in money-
getting and in money-spending
that they had no time for prayer
and personal work. The care of
the world and the deceitfulness of
riches choked the Word, and the
fruitage was small.

Grandpa: Don't get scared, Wil-
lie; the tiger is about to be fed;
that's what makes him jump and
roar so. Willie (easily): Oh, I
ain't afraid of him, grandpa. Papa's
the same when his meals ain't
ready.

Better underdo than overdo that
introductory song service of your
devotional meeting.

**Don't
Boggle
use
Pearline**

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INWARD FIRE OF RELIGION.

There is a fire of love within the soul which is its motive power. This has been kindled by God himself, and by him is continually kept alive. Yet we ourselves must labor to supply it with fuel. By the truth of God, by meditation on his love, by the constant exercise of godliness, by diligence in the use of all the means of grace, we must keep this fire burning. As the furnaces of a steam vessel are constantly fanned by currents of air supplied from above, so we must fan this inward fire of religion by the breath of prayer. The fuel will only stifle the furnace if there is no draught. And the means of grace and Christian doctrine will be of no service to us unless, by earnest prayer, the flame of his love fastens upon them and vitalizes them. There may be much theology and no godliness. Only when knowledge ascends to him does it augment the motive force of the soul.

—Newman Hall.

JOY.

There is some joy in every Christian's heart. Much will depend upon temperament, much on habit, much on outward circumstances, as to the development and cultivation of this sacred principle. But in every case you have the elements and actual beginning—the root and foundation and flowing spring of heavenly and eternal joy. Blessed necessity, that compels every soul in Christ to be happy in him! A flame of revival has passed through the inmost being, refreshing waters of grace have cleansed every corrupted faculty and cooled every fevered thought. If he cannot break out into a loud song, he can chant some softer syllables of praise. It is even said to be joy "unspeakable;" and it is "full of glory."—A. Raleigh.

A thoughtful girl living in the country at a distance from church read, on a Sunday, the life of a Christian woman. On closing the volume she said to herself, "That was a beautiful life." After a little thought she added, "And I should

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like to live such a life. A few minutes later she kneeled down and said, "Lord, I will try from this time." The decision was made. She became one of the most useful of women, whose influence was felt not only in this country, but in India, where she has spent several years of her precious life.

Did you ever meet a man who was unwilling to admit that he had been at least once a fool? Yes? Then he is a fool.

You cannot judge a horse by his harness, neither can you tell much about a person by the clothes he wears.

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